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Here is a *bonne bouche* for the lovers of true heart-felt poetry. It is from the pen of Miss Browne, the sister of Mrs. Hemans, and is taken from the June number of the "Dublin University Magazine."

THE MERCHANT'S SUMMER MUSINGS.

The sky, the sky the clear blue sky,
I see it from my windows high,
O'er the church tower and heavy wall,
O'er the high rows of chimneys tall.

It smileth there as clearly blue,
As in past days 'twas wont to do,
As blandly clear, as softly sweet,
Upon this stirring, busy street.

I know 'tis summer—summer time—
Roses at home are in their prime,
My one small tree is gaudy now,
With crimson flowers on every bough.

I know beside my father's door
The aspen trembles as of yore,
And the clear rivulet onward sweeps,
To the small ledge from whence it leaps.

And the sweet linnet and the thrush,
Have builded in the old hawthorn bush;
They sing beside the rivulet's flow;
Do I not hear them even now?

It seems, indeed, but yesterday,
Since from that home I went away:
The memory is so clear and strong,
And yet, again, it seems so long.

How long since last I heard the call
Of friends beside the waterfall;
How long since last my mother laid
Her hand upon my head, and prayed.

How long, how long! a merry boy,
I left with tears and mingled joy;
And now I'm grown a steady man,
With teeming brain, and plodding plan.

I've made me friends in other lands,
With other ties have joined my hands,
Have wife and children, lands and wealth,
Content and love, and hope, and health.

Yet home, home, home! this summer day,
I long, I long, to be away;
To leave the hot and noisy town,
To bound once more o'er hill and down.

The early loved ones to embrace;
To look upon my mother's face;
To see her smile, as once she smiled;
To be again a very child!

Who totters in with merry shout?
Ah, baby! hast thou found me out;
Disturbing thus my reverie!
Come, little darling, to my knee!

Reproach me not, my little one,
That I was yearning to be gone;
Dearer that memory's dreams can be,
Is the deep joy I have in thee!

Was I not murmuring even now,
That summer skies as bright should glow
On this dull town, as on the fair
Scenes where my early memories are?

Oh! lighting up this busy street,
They shine upon a flower as sweet,
As rose or violet of the wild,
On thee, my dear, my blessed child!

I'll put the dreams of memory by,
And gazing on thy cloudless eye,
So by thy loving heart will see,
A pure, sublimed epitome,
Of my young happy days in thee!

M. A. Browne.

From the Democratic Review for June.

Recent American Poetry.*

Concluded.

In bidding adieu to Mr. Sargent, we greet the appearance of a writer who differs from him in every essential characteristic, as much as it is possible for one person to differ from another. The author of the "Ruins of Athens" is evidently a man of taste, feeling, fancy and imagination, and yet we are free to say that he is not destined to be a poet. The present work has been before the public some years; and if it has not made his name particularly familiar as a poet, the present republication—for it bears neither the name nor the semblance of a second edition—is not likely to increase the small acquaintance that now exists. It is composed of a number of exemplifications of rhyme and metre, which have very much the air of exercises. Some will do, and others will not. Mr. Hill has courage enough, but lacks strength. He is evidently a disciple of Byron and Shelly, and all those whom the author of Philip Van Artevelde wisely classes as "The Phantastic School." These are they who behold Nature by torchlight instead of daylight and starlight. They delight in the glare of strong radiance, and the gloom of deep shadow. Yet we are perhaps wrong in supposing that Mr. Hill is more an admirer of such volcanic effulgence than of the serene genius of poets like Wordsworth; for he is a thorough imitator of them all. He lays little claim to original, and we find even more in his avowed "Imitations," than in other portions of his handsome, but very badly *printed* volume. The first long piece, "The Ruins of Athens," is in the Childe Harold stanza, and very Child Haroldish. The second, "Titania's Banquet," is pretty, but is rather the efflorence of a mind where there had been a mingling up of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night Dream," Tom Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and Dr. Drake's "Culprit Fay," in 'most admired disorder.' Mr. Hill, is not, however, without merit conspicuous and commendable in his class. He is an excellent versifier, and chisels out his poetical statues with laudable assiduity. If he does not produce a Laocoon, or a Venus, it is not his fault. He is, therefore, entitled to the credit of considerable success, particularly in his description pieces, imitatory of Wordsworth. He chose a good master there—much better than Tom Moore, and other worthies, whose manners and dress are elsewhere assumed.

There are, nevertheless, as we have said before displayed throughout this volume much both of taste and feeling; and it is only in the severe impartiality of criticism, adjudicating the formidable claims of a poet and his volume, to be connected with our permanent literature, that we have been compelled to use a single word of disparagement. As contributions to the magazines to our monthly anthology, as the efferings of a man of refinement and education to the enjoyments of social life, these poems would win for their amiable author all the praise and distinction of which a delicate and susceptible mind need be ambitious. We shall be willing, and even rejoiced, if the public voice, in investing him with the bays of the poet, will do more; and we cheerfully lend our aid to that great consummation of book-making, by copying the following excellent stanzas:

TO A FLOWER FROM THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS.

"Frail, withered leaf! thy tints are shed,
Thine odor seeks a distant air;
No spirit here survives the dead,
And none to say, 'The relic spare!'
Around me flowers in sunshine sleep,
Whose dewy sweets arrest the bee,
Or blushing at my window peep;
Yet do I turn from them to thee.

"For thou wast cradled—nurtured, where
The men, whose birth was Freedom's, rose,
There still survive their trophies; there
The bones of heroes—gods, repose;
Memorial of feelings high
As met the mount my awe-struck gaze,
Whose relics, though in dust they lie,
Bespeak the pride of former days.

"Prized, in remembrance of a spot,
Whose time-worn image haunts me still,
For who has marked, and e'er forgot,
The trophies of that glorious hill?
Still, though in shattered pride, elate,
But soon to perish, like the flower
Sprung from the dust that strews the seat,
The monuments of human power."

We now approach the most serious portion of our task. Mr. Rufus Dawes is a genuine poet. He has an eye quick to distinguish the beautiful, and an ear sensitively alive to the delicate music that pervades the air, and yet comes from no visible instrument. He is much inclined to philosophical musing, and addicted to refined abstractions. His mood is wild and speculative, yet study has imparted to him good taste. Sometimes, however, he goes sadly astray. He has done so in the book before us; and were it not for an occasional

Dash of purity and brightness,
Which shows the man of sense and of politeness,

we should have guessed every new poet to be the writer of "Geraldine," before Rufus Dawes. We protest against the nondescript style therein displayed—against the unnatural blending of the bold and strong with the frail and feeble. That splendidly vicious poem, Don Juan, was, if not the first, the principal source of the popular taste for this incongruous intermixture of high and low ideas in poetry. Hostile as it is to every precept of a correct, critical taste, this style continues to find its imitators. We regret to censure Mr. Dawes as one of them. His "Athenia of Damascus," and many of the miscellaneous effusions collected into this volume, evince his capacity for purer and better things, and make us certain that he can touch the finer chords of sentiment, and wake the deeper melodies of nature. "Geraldine," the leading production of this volume, is an exaggerated specimen of the villainous style of Don Juan. Its rhythm is the same, and the resemblance is pretty exact in all respects, save the number of lines in each stanza. Its versification is like that of Mr. Halleck's "Fanny,"—than which no equal number of verses were ever more egregiously overrated—and its efforts at wit are something similar, though more vulgar and less comprehensible. "Fanny" was famously liked in its day, and the Gothamites chuckled over it, because they entered fully into the spirit of its local jokes and personal allusions. If we remember aright, there are no stanzas in it worthy of preservation, except those often-quoted ones commencing—

"Weehawken! in thy mountain scenery yet."

We challenge any stranger to account for the great popularity with which it was originally attended, and which its remembrance now maintains. The author, of course, is not at fault; his object was to amuse the town, and he succeeded. He probably never dreamed that "Fanny" would be more than the belle of a single season; if her many admirers are now clamorous for her re-appearance in a new attire, he is not to be reprehended for acceding to their wishes, provided they are willing to pay him roundly for the trouble of a second bringing out. No similar apology can be made for the chaperon of "Geraldine." She makes her debut in all the pride and splendor of an elegant dress—by no means an unpretending aspirant for admiration. We are ungallant enough to pronounce the lady a fright, and to recommend her speedy consignment to the shades of quiet obscurity.

The critic can have a no more unpleasant duty to perform than one of condemnation, even where he feels perfectly indifferent to the subject of his strictures. This duty becomes peculiarly irksome when he takes up the work of an author, in whose favor he had been agreeably prepossessed, and finds nothing but stubble where he looked for little else than flowers. Were we equally disposed, with his warmest friends, to extol Mr. Dawes's poetry, (and that we are, he has but to know us to feel assured) we could not, if we simply regarded the author and not the public, avoid an exemplary, though brief, exposure of the gross demerits of the production which gives a name to this volume, and which is made first and most distinctly to demand the reader's attention. To do this in as few words as possible, and with the fewest possible citations, shall be our earnest endeavor. The choice of metre was the author's first misfortune. It is both feeble and common, and should have been rejected on both accounts. Yet, in the opening stanzas, the author puts it to its very best use, giving it all the tone and swell of which it is susceptible. The strain first assumes tenderness, in description, and then draws near to sublimity, in invocation. Afterward it glides off into a metaphysical flourish, at the beginning and end of which a father and daughter are introduced—the first being surnamed "Wilton," and the latter christened "Geraldine."

Now the story runs that this young lady, as heroines always do in poems, falls in love with a good-for-nothing, "ne'er-do-weel" sort of a scape-grace. His name is Waldron, and he loves Geraldine to distraction, as he takes pains to evince by killing a rival, and running away with an improper female, who is called Alice Acus, so as to rhyme with "make us." Previous to this delicate piece of attention on his part, he turns pirate—a regular out-and-out Corsair, and rushes, in the maddest spirit of desperation, to sea, in a "long, low, black-looking schooner." Geraldine, as is becoming under the circumstances, goes into a galloping consumption, looks pale and hetic, and cries pretty much all the time, because the cruel fates have separated her from her amiable admirer. Old Wilton, her papa, judiciously determines to carry his sick daughter to a warmer climate. They depart in a ship, which is of course attacked by the pirate Waldron; and the upshot of the whole matter is the indiscriminate demise, in the most horrible way, of the entire party. This rigmarole is more ridiculous in the author's verse than in our prose; it occupies, however, but a small portion of the poem, the chief part being the most irrelevant digression. Herein it resembles Don Juan most manifestly. There is a like mingling of coarse humor and affected pathos, a similar use of slang terms and vulgar expressions, the same striving after oddity of rhyme, with equally shocking success. There are, moreover, repeated attempts at the tender, the devotional, and the sublime, which, *unlike* those of Don Juan, are bombastic failures.

If the following commissions are not enough to send to the tomb of the Capulets any poem by any poet, then are we [illegible], and snuff, "tolerable, and to be endured."

"The goose that has the largest share of stuffing,"

"And very often went to bed a beast."

"And many, who to ruin are turned over,
But 'go to grass,' to roll themselves 'in clover.'"

"Who awes the great menagerie of fops,
In admiration at his whisker crops."

"Alphesiboeus might renounce his jumps,
To see *saliunt* *satyros* in pumps."

"Throw off your modesty, and damn your eyes."

"Suppose you have some half-a-dozen daughters,
From four feet high to five, with some odd inches,
But cast your bread, you know, upon the waters,
And save the shoe from telling where it pinches.
Throw open wide your doors—burn spermaceti,
And never more despair of Bell or Betty."

"And so the city Fair of matrimony
Blazes forever, and the bids run high.
What's offered, ladies, for this matter o' money?—
A hundred thousand in the stocks! who 'll buy?—
Going!—who bids?—going!—he's good as Rothschild—
Gone!—and Miss Wilhelmina rocks the Goth's child.'"

"Poor devil that was married for his Bentons,
And having lost them, shares his rib's repentance."

"But now-a-days, instead of wasting pearls,
They have a way of melting down the girls."

"Pope Alexander always had his followers,
As Alexander Pope has had his swallowers."

"May rob the very altar of a horn,
'Sprinkling with rosy light the dewy lawn.'"

"Now there are many different kinds of hens,
As there are wares, from porcelain to 'Brummagen;'
Some manufactured by the curling-irons,
And others, the museums, should you rummage 'em."

"While o'er the blue, MacAdamised rotundo,
Flectit equos, curruque volans, dat lora secundo."

"At length they heard the dippings of the oars,
And Wilton saw at once the frightful cause."

These four last are the most shocking violations of Nick Bottom's rule we ever heard of; though the sense can hardly be said to be sacrificed to sound. They are infinitely worse than the Yankee distich—

"There goes our old mill down the water,
A darn sight faster than it ought to."

We shall cheerfully bid adieu to the ridiculous performance with the quoting of certain passages which read, not as if they were imitations, but as if they were "scissorised" out of the whole cloth of Don Juan:

"—— gently raised
Her dimpling hand of snow, where one warm kiss
Thrilled to her heart with love's delicious bliss."

"The morn is up again—the dewy morn!
Fresh from the bed of night, in matron bloom,
Weeping to see so many take 'a horn.'
And walk out rosy from the soda-room."

"Not that there's any pleasure in the danger,
More than being shot at with ounce bullets.
'Tis sweet to seem to be to fear a stranger,
The while we wish that we were feeding pullets,
Most men can fight a duel to the letter;
Yet when a man survives, he feels the better."

"Long did the combat last, till only five
Were left within the Vulture. They at length
Were overpowered by numbers yet alive—
Faint with the loss of blood, and without strength.
But while the pirate was of plunder thinking,
He found both vessels filling and fast sinking."

"The hot sun blazed upon their naked heads,
And boiled the blood within them—till some grew
Mad, and blasphemed and tore their flesh in shreds,
While others, starving, helped the deed to do—
Then, weeping in wild mirth, drank the dark gore,
And cried aloud to God, and shrieked for more.

"Arm locked in arm, they turned them from the crowd,
And gazed upon each other—"

Like the Irishman's portrait, each one of the preceding may be said to be more like than the original.

Turn we now, with a feeling as grateful as "the cool plashing of a plangent wave" to one who is travel-sore, and nearly stifled with the dust of the desert, unto "Athenia of Damascus." Here is a delightful dramatic poem, the flow of whose lines, like that of a palm-shaded rivulet, is pure, limpid, and sparkling.

The subject is too lofty for the modern stage, although with judicious curtailment, it can doubtless be represented with effect. Its beautiful thought and language, with which it is rife, would be lost in recitation; yet it has a sufficience of incident to keep alive a pleasant interest.

It is deep tragedy. We are trespassing beyond our limits, and can gratify our reader with but one charming extract.

Act. II.—Scene 1. *A Pleasure ground in Damascus.*

(Athenia *alone.*)

Ath.—I will not pluck thee from thy parent tree,
Sweet rose of beauty! while the rain-drops hang
O'er thy clear blush their modest ornaments—
Another hour shall glory in thy smile,
And when the daylight dies, the queen of heaven
Shall fold thee in a silver veil of love,
Forgetting her Endymion. Foolish heart!
As if I *loved!*—Yet truly, as I live,
I fear I love the very *thought* of love!
Oh, childish joy—indefinite delight!—
That I should dream so sweetly—and at morn
Find my eyes wet with tears!—

Enter Calous.

Cal.—[*Embracing her*] Athenia!
Ath.—Thank thee, Heaven!
Cal.— What kind indulgent power
Has smiled on Calous, that so much bliss
At once should dissipate his darkest gloom,
And make a noon of midnight!
Ath.— Thank thee, Heaven!
Cal.—Say, then, thou lovest me still, Athenia?
Ath.—Love thee! Indeed I know not if I love.
When thou art nigh, I fain would be alone—
And when away, I'm sad and desolate:
Beshrew this maiden fickleness of thought!
I would not give the treasure of my love
For all the wealth that earth or ocean covers:
And thou wilt save our altars, Calous!
The holy cross, and every dear remain
Of sainted martyr, still inviolate!
So shall we wander in our hours of joy,
On the green margin of life's sunny stream,
With more delight than ever—shall we not?
Cal.—What grief can throw a shadow o'er our way,
When love is cloudless?—let thy heart be still,
Young Halcyon, on its marble resting-place!
There is no fear, Athenia, that the foe
Can harm Damascus: though his arm is strong,
The arm above is stronger. Even now
The victory is ours.
Ath.— Alas, Damascus!
Cal.—Chase these vain fears!—and dost thou, maiden, think
The soil where Adam trod in majesty—
The land Jehovah guarded, when the fiend
Drove Saul to persecute—and where the light
And breath of God softened his heart of steel,
Turning his thoughts to pity and to love;
Think'st thou this consecrated place can yield
While He is with us, as He e'er has been?
Ath.—His ways are dark and deeply intricate:
When Heaven was kindest, innocence was lost,
And Paradise gave birth to misery.
Cal.—Let not such thoughts plant lilies on thy cheek,
My own Athenia! All will yet be well.
Come, let me bind a chaplet of fresh flowers
To deck thy temples: I will steal an hour
From anxious Care, and sacrifice to Love
The hopes and wishes I have nursed for thee.
Not always thus shall be our wayward lot,
To wander here and steal from Love's rich store
These precious moments of sweet ecstasy!
Not always thus, my girl! When dove-eyed peace
Spreads her white wings again, the sacred tie
Shall bind our wedded hearts: till then, my love,
Thy smile shall cheer me on in peril's hour,
With its dear influence!

After 'Athenia' comes 'Lancaster,' a poem that has many excellences, and is worthy of the genius of the writer. It is, however, upon his miscellaneous pieces that Mr. Dawes's reputation as a poet mainly depends. The melody of their versification is truly enchanting. The ideas, too, are worthy of such exquisite expression. The public are aware of the beauties of all these productions, for none have been more liberally transferred to our literary journals. We have space for the shortest only:

ART THOU HAPPY, LOVELY LADY!

Art thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendor round thee thrown?
Can the jewels that array thee
Bring the peace which must have flown?
By the vows which thou hast spoken,
By the faith which thou has broken,
I ask of thee no token
That my heart is sad and lone.

There was one that loved thee, Mary!
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept,
He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And though his passion moved thee;
But disappointment proved thee
What love has often wept.

Had Mr. Dawes been a common-place poet, or simply a new claimant for distinction, we should have been more prodigal of commendation, and more niggard of blame. Bind up this volume without 'Geraldine,' and you have an admirable collection of poetry, fit to appear worthily, if not the first, in a 'Library of American Poets.'

Some asinine individual, who must have been as partial to paradoxes as his long-eared archetype to thistles, has taken upon himself to remark that there are few or no materials for romance in America. This critic must be nearly related to the observing person of whom Wordsworth remarks:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

It would, perhaps, not be too extravagant to say that the poetical resources of our country are boundless. Nature has here granted every thing to genius which can excite, exalt, enlarge, and ennoble its powers. Nothing is narrow, nothing is confined. All is height, all is expansion. Cliffs throw aloft mighty bastions; mountains lift impregnable parapets to the sky; rivers "roll in majesty;" lakes spread abroad like seas; and prairies meet the wide horizon all around with undulations of magnificent verdure. Here, too, are forests, in whose vast, dim cloisters the mind may feel a sense of loneliness and an overwhelming awe, which no fabrics of human rearing could impart; for here, in ancient days, man came to build his altars and to worship. These trees are glorious columns; these leaves are gorgeous tracery; here is a "majestical roof, fretted with golden fire!"

"The groves were God's first temples!"

In America, too, are diversities of climate, yielding diversified delights. Here Winter erects his palaces of glittering ice, while there Spring displays her flowery avenues and her green meadows; here Summer shows her silver fountains and her billows of golden grain, when in another region of our vast domain, Autumn pours from her exhaustless horn the copious harvest and transmutes, with a subtle alchemy, the emerald of the woods into ruby and topaz, and

"All the hues that mingle in the rainbow."

Our history, too, is poetical. Let time but wrap it in his mighty shadows, and what where the fables of old compared to our familiar story! How inspiring, how sublime the contemplation of those few brave hearts who, led by one greater than Leonidas, dared to cast themselves into the rocky defile of freedom, opposed advancing armies, died not, but conquered! The blood tingles and rushes through our veins as we trace these words. Dull, cold, critical as we are, we are almost incited to the utterance of burning thoughts. Shall there, then, be no more poets in our "dear, dear country?" Shall there not be one great poet! That man whose eye can roam over the borders of our land, and see these things of which we have spoken, needs not the spirit of prophecy to answer, "Yes!"

WOMAN.

BY REV. J. N. MAFFITT.

Oh, woman! truth and passion rear the throne
Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone;
Bright shapes of fitful fancies throw
Prismatic colors o'er thy beauty's glow—
Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn,
As vestals wave their tapers o'er the urn;
A seeming fickle nature oft imbues
The color of thy mind with rainbow hues—
Yet when awakened to some daring deed,
When griefs and trials come and nations bleed,
When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries,
And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies,
'Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove,
The strength of all thy constancy and love!
Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath?
Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cool and paler clay?
"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave,"
Ah, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save,
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

"What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colors, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?"

From the Ladies' Companion.

Hereward, the Hunter.

The evening of a summer's day was rapidly approaching, and though the sun was still above the horizon, filling the heavens with a soft and rosy light, he had yet sank so low, that his long rays were intercepted by the gigantic trees, which, at the period of our tale, flourished in one unbroken tract of forest over the swampy plains, now bare and woodless, of Cambridge and the isle of Ely. Dreary and desolate as is the present aspect of those vast, open marshes, which have succeeded to the boundless woodlands, far gloomier and sterner was their character in the first century, reckoned from the Norman conquest. So wild, indeed, and savage was the nature of these solitudes, that, till the hapless day when England yielded to the fierce and tyrannous foreigner, no foot but of the roaming hunter ventured to tread their black and treacherous morasses; which, although bearing a thick growth of alder, and marsh willow, with here and there a group of mighty ashes towering above the stunted underwood and tall rank sedges, offered no sure foundation to the tread of man or beast, and held forth no inducement save in the myriads of aquatic fowl which had bred, almost undisturbed, for ages, in their sequestered pools and perilous quagmires. But when the insatiate victor had seized upon the fairest and fattest of the land, as lawful spoil of war—when it was found by the unhappy Saxons that neither the mail-shirt of the warrior, nor the grey cassock of the monk, was proof against the rage of Norman persecution—thousands of outlaws fled for safety to those impenetrable fastnesses, wherein they dwelt for many a year, defying the relentless enmity of the usurpers, fearless and free, and happier far than those of their own race who, seeking by submission, and on sufferance, to hold precarious tenure of the lands once their own, dragged out a wretched and degraded life, the serfs and bondsmen of their imperious conquerors.

Into the depths of this stern wilderness, the boldest of the Norman barons had never even dreamed of venturing; and if, at times, necessity compelled them to traverse any one of the few roads which had been carried through its borders, they marched as in a hostile country, with scouts and pickers in advance, with vizors closed, in complete panoply, and even thus, in awe and apprehension, so daring and so dauntless were its dwellers, when in the limits of their own impregnable demesne.

It was by one, the most frequented, of these roads leading through Huntingdon from the metropolis to the more northern districts, that at the hour we have just described, two men were lying in concealment, watching, as it would seem, for the approach of travellers.—The spot was one, if their intent were violence or plunder, as something in their aspect seemed to indicate, most singularly adapted to their purpose. The narrow causeway, floored by rude logs, with the black loam forced up through their interstices at every step that pressed them, was skirted on the left by an extensive fen; the soil of which, half mud, half water, could evidently bear the weight of no more bulky visitor than the curlews or herons which flapped over its surface, or waded in its slimy waters. On the right hand, the earth was firmer, as might be judged from the dense thicket which embowered it, with many a timber tree, of venerable age, and bulk proportionate, lifting its dark head, clearly defined, against the ruddy sky; but from this island of the marsh, the road was separated by a wide, sluggish stream, soaking its way through moss and mire, between deep banks of tremulous unstable bog. Beside this stream, concealed by the thick foliage of the alders, lurked the two men alluded to above—both Saxons by their aspects, for both were strong and muscular of limb, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired, with fair complexions, where their skin had been defended from the summer's sun and winter's storm, which had tanned all parts exposed to their inclemency into one general tint of ruddy brown. One of the two, and, as it would seem from the deference shown to him by his companion, the superior person was, indeed, of size, almost gigantic; considerably above six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and deep-chested, with muscular and brawny limbs, he [illegible] his strength—his features were decidedly, although not eminently, handsome, with a frank, open, and intelligent expression, and animated by a glance of bold and reckless daring. He wore above his close-curled auburn hair, an open morion or bacinet of steel, once brightly polished and adorned with curious carving, but now completely embrowned by the rust, which had been suffered to encroach upon its surface, partly, it might be, because its present dinginess of hue was more congenial to the habits of its wearer, than the ostentatious brilliancy with which it had once glanced to every wandering sunbeam. The remainder of his dress was a steel-shirt or hauberk of the antique and uncouth form peculiar to the Saxons, consisting of rude rings of iron, not linked into each other, but sewed upon a leather cassock edgewise, with hose and buskins of tanned deer-skin; about his neck was slung by a stout chain, the ponderous *gisarme*, or double-headed bill, which had been from the earliest times the weapon of the Saxon race, a long, broad, two-edged wood-knife, thrust carelessly into his girdle, and two short, massive boar-spears in his hand, completed his equipment. His comrade was attired in garments similar in shape, though of materials even coarser, consisting chiefly of the skins of animals, dressed, for the most part, with the hair upon them—he, also, wore a head-piece and offensive weapons, like those of his superior, but no coat of mail or hauberk.

The eyes of both were fixed intently on the farthest point at which the road was visible toward the south; and by their attitudes, and the expression of their anxious and excited countenances, it could be seen at once that they were listening anxiously for some expected sound.

"'Twas but the wind, again!" exclaimed the younger of the two—"'twas but the wind stirring the tree-tops, Hereward! The sun is sinking fast; we shall not have them here, I trow, this evening."

"Tarry awhile—they will be here anon, good Elbert: two of their horses would fall lame, I know full well, this morning—that would delay them somewhat. Americ de Bottetourt is not the man to halt, or turn aside, till he have reached his harbor for the night—especially with his bride, that should be of the company! He will not rest, I warrant thee, till he has lodged her safe with the proud priests of Huntingdon. No! no! good Elbert, tarry and list, awhile, they will be here anon. Hist! hist! what sound was that? Sure 'twas the clink of steel."

"'Tis but the chain that holds yon ash from falling. Ringan, let slip a link! but tell me, Hereward, what bride doth Americ lead with him? I knew not he was wedded."

"Nor is he," replied Hereward, in a deep voice, that actually quivered with the violence of his excitement—"nor, by the soul of Hengist, shall be! but, an' he could, he would wed Edith, the bright daughter of old Lancelot Valletort—and she, they say, abhors him. A curse upon the base marauder! He knows no more of courtesy or gentleness toward dame or damsel, than of good faith, or truth, or mercy toward men! May his soul find no rest hereafter, for his vile carcass I will take order with it, and that speedily! And lo, I hear the trampling of their horses!" and as he spoke, he laid his ear close to the margin of the sluggish stream. "I hear them now, distinctly; they have already passed our station! Hist! Ringan, hist! be ready. Hie to our comrades, Elbert; when they shall hear me shout, let them cast loose the lashings, and cut clear the trees, as speedily as may be—but till I cry St. George, let no man quit his covert, and as ye love your lives, let no man harm the lady. I care not if by chance, or by design, but who harms one hair of her, dies ere he may crave mercy!"

Before he had well finished speaking, his follower left his side, and instantly was lost to sight amid the tangled branches of the thicket; at the same moment a loud and long-drawn cry was heard at a considerable distance southward, and while its echoes were yet ringing through the forest, a crash, as of a huge tree falling suddenly, arose from the same quarter, and instantly a second and a third report of the same nature, were heard in quick succession.

The party, which had been expected by the foresters, might now be seen threading the perilous and toilsome windings of the road, and as the distant yell rang on the summer air, and was succeeded by the echoes of the falling timber, Hereward—known far and wide through England, as the most free and fearless of his persecuted race, known to the Saxon as the boldest and most uncompromising friend of his unhappy kinsmen, and to the Norman, as the most dangerous and deadly foeman they had found since first they landed on the white cliffs of Sussex—Hereward, surnamed the Hunter, looked forth with eager scrutiny to note what the effect should be of these unwonted sounds on his approaching victims. He might behold them pause, and halt irresolutely for a moment, moving up close together as if to hold brief council. Ere they moved on again, a horseman dashed up at hard gallop from the rear, and held some converse with the leader of the little party, which, as it seemed, consisted of some ten or twelve armed men, well-mounted and accoutred in the complete panoply of the victorious Normans, besides two waiting-women riding among the spear-men on mules or small-sized hackneys, and a horse-litter, with close curtains, the usual conveyance, in that early age, for ladies of distinguished birth. Scarce had he noted these particulars, before the outlaw saw that the Normans once again had put themselves in motion. Three men—whom his quick eye at once detected, by their less cumbersome accoutrements, and the long-bows they bore, already bent, with arrows on the string, to be the far-famed archers who had performed such fatal feats upon his countrymen at Hastings—led the advance at a pace as quick as the roughness of the unsafe causeway would permit; these were succeeded, at a short distance, by the same number of those light-armed horsemen, called hobblers, from the small, active animals, which they bestrode, with their long lances in the rest—the centre, which consisted of Sir Americ, mounted on his barbed war-horse, with his esquire, and two veteran men-at-arms, all sheathed from head to heel in complete harness, rode close behind the hobblers, the females bringing up the rear under the escort of two more stout archers. It was, indeed, though small, a gallant and a formidable body; and on firm open ground, with enemies to meet them "manfully," as the phrase ran, "under shield," they would have cut their way, unscathed, through five times their own number of assailants, fighting on foot with bill and bow-spear. But he with whom they had to do, knew well the irresistible and fiery valor of the Norman onslaught—knew well the dogged hardihood of his own stubborn countrymen!—closely had he considered, and with accurate and wary calculation noted the disadvantages to which each mode of fighting was most liable—and, with a full appreciation of the high courage of his enemies, and of that practice in the use of arms which rendered every Norman confident and secure of victory, he had so laid his plans, as, while exposing to every possible risk and disadvantage the detested Normans, to bring out the peculiarities of the Saxon character and their undisciplined but daring energies with the most powerful effect.

"Mine! mine!" he muttered, as he saw them entering the toils, "they are all mine, already! Soul of my father, triumph! Mother, thou art avenged!—He, whose accursed hand quenched with your blood the embers of the hospitable hearth, that never warmed a villain till on that hapless night when he craved food and shelter—craved entrance only to betray—shall glut the raven and the fox, ruthlessly slaughtered by *his* weapon whom he made an orphan. Triumph! rejoice, I say. Souls of the murdered dead!—ye are avenged already!"

Well was Sir Americ de Bottetourt known, and widely, and with good cause, was he dreaded through the green confines of that lovely but unhappy island, which he and his usurping comrades had watered with the best blood of its natural owners. In his first youth when the red field was fought which had consigned fair England to the Norman race for ever, he had yet ridden through the bloody fray side by side with the bravest; and, gifted forthwith by the Duke, with a rich fief torn from its right possessor, he had, in fact, been trained up from his very boyhood to deeds of barbarous and unrelenting cruelty. He was, indeed, that rare occurrence among men, even partly civilised, a human monster. Though at this period, when the conquest was in fact but half accomplished, all Norman Barons were tyrannical and grasping, and, if not actually cruel, reckless, at least, of bloodshed, none equalled Americ de Bottetourt for dread intensity of evil. To him, a Saxon life was as that of the boar or deer, or even of less value. The slight[illegible] pretext was sufficient to justify the [illegible] of all of that degraded race—the ten[illegible] of a few fertile acres, or the supposed possession of a few hoarded angels, was ample cause for the death-warrant of a Saxon Franklin; while beauty or accomplishment, or even youth itself, was held excuse for the worst injury to his defenceless family. Skilful, no less than brave, in fight, this savage Baron had continually risen in the esti[illegible] sway in England; had constantly received fresh fiefs, fresh appanages; but still the wealthier and the more powerful, the more ambitious he became of greatness, and the less scrupulous of means or measures. Licentious as he was avaricious—when he had passed already the mid-years of manhood—when age, no less than fiery passions, and exposure to the scorching heat of summer, and the keen frosts of winter, had ploughed a thousand deep, deforming wrinkles on his harsh features, and sprinkled his dark locks with snow—he had cast on the lovely Alice de Valletort an eye of fierce desire.—What were the secret links, none knew, by which the fierce and overruling spirit of Sir Americ had trammelled the whole soul of this lady's father—a man, who ever of a timid and avaricious, rather than bold or grasping spirit, now, in his age, had yielded himself up altogether to the direction of his sterner neighbor, whom, even while he tremblingly obeyed his slightest mandate, he did not even feign to honor, much less to esteem. Her absolute reluctance to the marriage, nay, more, her utter hatred of the man, had been, for months, the topic of almost universal conversation; for so widely had the fame of her unrivalled charms been circulated, that in that age of chivalry and generous adventure, numerous were the young and gallant cavaliers who would have deemed it no slight privilege to be permitted to adopt the colors of the lovely Alice at tilt or tournament; and whom, not even the fierce jealousy and savage prowess of her avowed admirer, could deter from offering at the beauty's footstool, the tribute of their admiration. All their endeavors were, however, vain; and when it was discovered that the bright damsel, though she had eyes to glance, and lips to smile at times upon some favored gallant, had yet no heart to yield—or if she had, possessed not the poor option to bestow it where she pleased—when it was seen that if she caught the dark eye of Sir Americ gazing on her unwonted mood of merriment, she broke off like a guilty thing detected in commission of some desperate offence, and voluntarily, as it would seem, submitted herself to his imperious will—men ceased to strive for that return of courtesy, at least, if not affection, which, while it could be sought for only at considerable risk, it seemed impossible to gain.—Such had been now, for many months, the state of matters between the lady and her lover, if lover it be right to term him, who had no mood of gaiety or softness, even for a moment's space—who never offered any admiration, never showed any kindness, never feigned any courtesy, much less affection. Such, then, for months, had been the state of matters, when it was suddenly announced that on a near-appointed day, Alice would be surrendered by her father into the hands of Sir Americ; for the purpose, it was understood, of being under his protection, conducted in all honor to a well-known and celebrated nunnery of Yorkshire, the abbess of which was sister to the puissant Baron—there to remain till such time as she should submit herself with no more of reluctance or delay to the high destiny which waited her. The route by which they must proceed, lay, for a space, along the outskirts of the desolate and dreaded tract of fen and forest, which was in those days tenanted so widely by the unconquered Saxons; and as Sir Americ's name was hated by these savage foresters with no small or unmerited degree of detestation, it had been deemed advisable to travel northward with a powerful and well armed escort—more, perhaps, as a matter of precaution, than of necessity, for, although, since they had been led by Hereward, the Saxons had increased amazingly in boldness—although they had in many instances surprised, and pitilessly slaughtered those of their oppressors whom they found wandering alone, or with slight attendance, in pursuit of the woodland game among their perilous fastnesses—they had not yet attained to such a pitch of absolute audacity as would have prompted them to attack men-at-arms, equipped in complete panoply of war, and on their guard no less against the hidden ambush, than the bold front of violence.

It had been Americ's intention to pass the dangerous morass, in which, if any where, he might expect to meet with interruption, at a much earlier hour of the day than that at which he reached it. Two of the horses of his train had fallen lame upon the route, and much time had elapsed before he had been able to replace them; still, he had hoped to cross the causeway before the sun should set, and therefore had pressed onward, having, in truth, no alternative but so to do; for after he had left Cambridge, which was already miles behind him, there was no hostelry or even cottage on the road, wherein it would have been advisable, or even possible, to pass the hours of darkness.

It was, then, in no placid mood that Americ de Bottetourt saw the sun gradually sinking behind the tall trees, which now fringed on every side the darkening horizon; and little was his hope of making good his passage without blows and bloodshed; for he was not unconscious of the bold valor of the Saxon outlaw, nor of the deadly cause he had for waging war to the last extremity against himself, especially, as the most hated individual of a detested race.

Drawing up, therefore, his small band according to the method most approved in those days of incipient discipline, he clasped his vizor, felt that his ponderous sword was ready to his grasp, and advanced, not without something of unwonted trepidation, at a hard trot into the perilous defile. Already was above one half of its length safely passed; and already had Sir Americ begun to deem the apprehensions, he had of late entertained, causeless, and all unworthy of himself—when from his rear, wildly re-echoed from the thick-set stems of a dim grove which he had just cleared, without hearing sound or seeing sight that could have led him to suspect the presence of a living being, there rose a long loud yell, succeeded instantly by the quick clang of axes, and ere a moment had elapsed by the tremendous crash of falling timber. Scarce had Sir Americ paused to listen to the unusual and unwelcome sound, before the keen and crafty veteran, whom, in consideration of those very qualities, he had appointed to bring up his rear, dashed up at a hard gallop to his side.

"We shall be set upon, sir, instantly," he cried, the moment he was near enough to suffer his words to be audible. "There be a score or two of Saxon varlets down in the thicket yonder, and they have felled some three or four tall trees across the causeway. Retreat is hopeless!"

"Retreat!" echoed the haughty Baron.—"Who would retreat before a Saxon! forward, brave hearts, and if the dogs find heart to shew themselves, 'fore God and our Lady, but we will pin them to the earth with our good lances. On, archers, and look sharp—let not a villain show his head above these cursed bushes, but mark it with a cloth-yard arrow. Forward! Saint Genevive for Americ!"

Such were the words with which the Norman, adopting the array which has been heretofore described, dashed onward—while from behind, nearer at every instant, and more near, rang the wild whoops and yells which had in the first instance announced the presence of the enemy.

"Damian, they be behind us yet," he said, addressing himself in a whisper to the veteran 'squire who rode beside his rein—"behind us all. Beshrew me, but I think we shall outstrip them!"

"Look! look! Sir Americ," shouted the old 'squire, almost in the selfsame instant, pointing with his long lance toward the ash-trees of which Hereward had spoken. "Look! my good lord, a chain. Yon ash is half cut through—if it fall we are lost!"

Even as he spoke, the chain which up to this time had sustained the mighty tree, swung free—the branches swayed and cracked, and the gigantic trunk groaned, as it reeled and tottered to and fro.

"On, archers!" shouted Americ—"on, archers, for your lives; get past yon ash-tree into the open glade—on! for your lives—and shoot your deadliest, or we are but lost men!"

Then from the thicket in the front rose, long and loud, the same portentous yell, which had alarmed them from the rear; while, nearer still and nearer, on every side it was repeated, showing that now they were entirely surrounded; and fast and frequent might be heard the ringing clatter of the axes, and the stern voice of Hereward urging the outlaws to their toil. Instant, as Americ spoke, the archers dashed their spurs into their chargers' flanks, and sped at a pace actually fearful along the rough and broken causeway, driving at every stroke the mud and slime high into the air behind them. It they might but succeed in passing, ere the large tree should fall, it was most probable that the whole party would escape; for, cutting on the causeway at right angles, not half an arrow-flight beyond the thicket, an open glade extended with firm soil and good footing quite to the rear of the Saxons; so that, the angle gained, the volleys of the Norman archery would have commanded their position, and rendered it impossible for them to carry their annoyance farther. On they went, gallantly and fast—scattering, however, as one horse outstripped the other—with their long-bows, already bent, and arrows notched upon the string. Fearful, indeed—it was a fearful moment—the mighty ash has already passed it—lo! he has halted—raised his bow to his eye—that twang has rung the knell of one of the assailants—St. Genevive, St. Genevive, for Americ!" The second reaches it—even now his charger—goaded to his full speed—is springing past the butt—he is safe—and the third close behind!—No! no!—a louder, deeper groan of the huge tree! and down—down it came, thundering to the earth! Heaven, what a fearful sight—even as it fell, the hapless Norman who rode second, dashed into the dread space, and on the instant, horse and man were crushed by the resistless weight into one shapeless mass of quivering and gory carnage—the third man close to the ruin, had yet the time to note it, and with a desperate effort succeeded in arresting the speed of his fiery horse—and now he stood, the noble animal quivering in every limb with terror, its head curbed to its very chest by the strong rider, who, unmoved even by that fearful peril, watched with a steady eye for the appearance of a foeman. Not long did he wait, for, ere the echoes of that thundering shock had passed away—cheerily shouting to his comrades, Hereward sprang upon the fragment of the tree, which yet stood upright in the ground, as if to overlook the field.

"Down with another tree, my men! One more," he shouted, "and they are ours, beyond hope of rescue!"

The moment he appeared, the arrow whistled from the bowstring of the Norman, but whether it was that his nerves were shaken by the appalling sight he had that instant witnessed, or that the Saxon, as men said, of a truth, bore a charmed life, the shaft sung past his head, and, quivering, stood fixed in a tree hard behind him, buried there almost to the feather.

"Saint George for merry England!" shouted the outlaw in return, and without pausing even to take aim hurled the short boar-spear which he held in his right hand, against the archer.—Hurling through the air, it smote him at the junction of the gorget with the breastplate, and driven with resistless force, pierced through and through the neck, and hurled him headlong from his saddle, a dead man ere he touched the earth. At the same point of time, the clatter of the hoofs of the third archer who had passed the tree, and in whom all their hopes of safety were now vested, might be heard, telling of his flight and their abandonment.

They were entrapped almost beyond hope of redemption or resistance!—Before them and behind, the road was barred by masses of felled timber, which hours of labor would hardly suffice to remove—on their right hand a deep and fordless rivulet, with its banks guarded by the ambushed Saxons, and on their left, a dark impassable morass. Yet, still in this extremity, Sir Americ displayed his wonted gallantry and conduct. "Down with your lances!" he exclaimed, "there be no use of them! Out axes, and dismount! You, Damian," he continued, "with Lancelot and Raoul, hew away at yon timber as you best may, to clear a path—we, with God's aid, will guard you!"

Down from their saddles sprang the men-at-arms, and in the face of dreadful odds, went steadily, and even cheerfully about their work. The light-armed spearmen clustered about the person of their leader, who, with his long two-handed sword unsheathed, sat perfectly unmoved on his tall war horse. The two remaining archers had fallen back with the females to that side of the causeway nearest the morass, and therefore least exposed to instant peril. But the plot thickened—for the instant the first blow fell upon the timber, a dozen Saxons showed themselves on the farther side, and with their bills and boar-spears, commenced so violent an assault upon the men-at-arms, as checked entirely their progress. At the same instant, Hereward stepped forward—with a javelin in his right hand, and his huge *gisarme* in his left—beyond the bushes of the thicket directly in the face of Americ; while half a score, at least, of his rude followers, half armed, and utterly undisciplined, but hardy, bold, and goaded into fury by unnumbered wrongs, appeared behind him.

"Sir Americ de Bottetourt," exclaimed the Saxon, as he saw his foeman, using the *lingua franca*, then the sole medium of communication between the hostile races, "this day your hour is come! 'Twas this night, seven years—"

"It was," replied the Norman, interrupting him, "this very night, seven years agone, that this hand slew each living dog of your accursed race, save thyself only, who escaped me then, but to fill up my triumph now. Come forth! and meet thy death, dog, an' thou darest, in fair fight with a Norman noble!"

"Heaven judge betwixt us," Hereward hissed between his teeth close-set, and launched his second javelin full at the speaker's body. This time, however, his aim was less true, than before, for grazing the thigh of his enemy, the boar-spear pierced through demipique and housing of the Norman's charger, bearing him earthward in the agonies of death.

"Callest thou this fair fight?" shouted the now infuriated Baron, "callest thou this fair fight?—then will we drive ye from your 'vantage! Gilbert, thy light-armed hobbler hath cleared a broader trench than that before thee; over, and charge the dog—there is, I trow, good footing!"

Without one word, the young and daring spearman spurred his horse at the fearful leap—the fiery charger faced it gallantly, but in the very act of springing, the treacherous footing failed, and though he made a noble effort, his fore-feet barely reached the farther brink, while his hind quarters were engulfed in the tenacious quagmire—the rider struggled up for a moment from the miry ditch, but it was only for a moment—the ponderous axe of Hereward fell like a thunder-bolt upon his head-piece, and crushed the very skull beneath it.

"St. George! St. George for merry England!" and planting one foot firmly on the back of the exhausted horse, Hereward sprang across the streamlet, followed by all his dauntless comrades, and was assailed immediately by Americ. The fray was ended in ten seconds between the vassals of the Normans and the impetuous outlaws; who, caring for neither wounds nor death, bore them down to the ground by the mere weight of numbers, and unmercifully slew them to the last man.

Not so, however, nor so rapidly, was the encounter ended between the Norman Baron and Hereward, the Hunter. Both men of power and muscular strength almost unrivalled, both animated by unusual fury, one fighting for his life, the other, dearer to him than life, for vengeance, they struggled long and desperately.—Many and dangerous wounds were interchanged, before Sir Americ's two-handed sword was shivered to the hilt, and himself beaten to his knee by one blow of the Saxon *gisarme*.

"Not so!" cried Hereward, "not so! with weapons in thy hand shalt thou die, Savage Norman! Thou shalt not boast in Hell that Hereward was cowardly avenged—give him an axe, good Albert!"

His orders were obeyed without dispute, though evidently with reluctance, and armed anew by his foe's mercy or contempt, Sir Americ renewed the combat. Not long, however, did it now last—for less accustomed to the bill than to the sword, Americ failed to parry the third blow, which, glancing from his head piece, clove deep into his shoulder, and was immediately succeeded by a fourth, which crushed the helmet like a nutshell, and laid the tyrant at the feet of the avenger, a quivering and lifeless corpse.

The last rays of the sun barely sufficed for the conclusion of the fierce encounter, but the pale moon was gleaming through the forest, before the outlaws, with the lady and her female followers, their honorable captives, and treated with due honor, turned to the shelter of their woodland fastness, leaving, as Hereward had boasted, to the raven and the fox, the bodies of their vanquished conquerors.

The beautiful and placid light of a full summer's moon was bathing, with that misty and poetical illumination so peculiar to the loveliest of the planets, a vast expanse of low and marshy meadow-land, cut up by many a wide and sullen stream, meandering with endless windings through the dull level, here spreading out into broad stagnant sheets of water, hundreds of acres in extent—here soaking their way unseen and silent through quagmires and morasses, to be detected only by their more vivid green from the surrounding marsh. Here and there, through this dreary scene, long lines of stunted willows might be seen following the margin of some stream or river, while, often, beds of osiers, stretching into interminable distance, varied the aspect of the landscape, without, however, affording to the tired eye any relief, or point of prominence or interest whereon to dwell a moment, after its tedious wanderings over the melancholy fen. Through this unpromising and cheerless tract, and at the deadest time of night, a company of persons were taking their laborious way—a company, so singularly constituted, so ill-matched, or—to speak more correctly—so oddly contrasted, that, in any place, and at any hour, they would have excited curiosity, if not astonishment, in the mind of any who should meet them. There were, in all, from twenty-five to thirty persons; the greater part of whom, as might be discovered from the frequent flash [illegible] were among them, cautiously and slowly—with much reluctance on their part, displayed in many a tremulous snort, as with expanded eye, and nostril wide, and quivering limbs, they eyed and snuffed the quaking surface of the bog, along the tortuous and narrow path which only could be trod in safety. Some three or four of these were evidently Norman chargers, not only from their size and breeding, but from the fashion of their steel-plated selles and barbings, while two were delicate and slight-limbed palfreys, with velvet housings, and soft cushioned saddles, such as were used by women. The females, to whom these probably belonged, were now borne, more securely, if less proudly, each seated on a rude hand-chair, carried by two sturdy yeomen; while to complete the singularity of the whole group, a large and splendid litter, intended evidently to be suspended from two hackneys, was now conveyed by twice that number of armed soldiers, and, from the style and character of its adornments, it could scarce be doubted that it contained the person of some noble Norman lady. This was more remarkable, as it was plain, on the first sight, that the men who led the steeds, as well as those who were employed in carrying the litter and the women, and the more numerous group which led the way, were not of the victorious, but of the vanquished race. Nor, in truth, would the best Norman knight, that ever buckled spur or belted brand, have been found at that hour in the district through which those travellers journeying, to have been made the owner of the richest fief in England: for, it was in the fens of Ely, the dangerous and pathless bogs which lie between the Ouse and Nene, that they were toiling on their nightly road—the only district yet remaining in the power of the persecuted Saxons, who had fled thither, from the cruelty of the oppressors, and thence marauded ceaselessly upon the neighboring counties.

Onward they went, right onward, with the direct, unhesitating march of men acquainted perfectly with the direction and the difficulties of their route, and, at that steady, though not rapid pace, which the most surely brings the traveller to his goal. The blind track, for such it was to eyes less practised than those of the experienced foresters who were now crossing it, wound sinuously through the marshes, oftentimes floored with trunks of trees, where the soil would not otherwise have supported half the weight of the lightest human being—and, always, when any stream or lake encountered it carried directly through it on an artificial causeway, solid and firmly laid, yet, in all cases, lower by one or two feet than the surface of the waters which concealed it from the observation of all, but those who were acquainted with its mystery. Many of these they passed, with more or less of difficulty and of peril, for it was scarcely possible to force the horses to proceed along them, the sagacious animals knowing, apparently, that the slightest false step or stumble would plunge them into certain and inevitable destruction. The moon was gradually sinking toward the horizon, and many of the stars had already set, when, having traversed several miles of that marsh-land, they reached the brink of a broad and powerful river, running, or rather wheeling on, with a strong, though not rapid current, full of dark wheels and eddies, between banks elevated, by its own deposits, considerably higher than the level of the country they had been hitherto engaged in crossing. Beyond this river, the land rose very steeply, and was completely covered by a thick growth of alders, birch, and hazel, with many a forest tree, oak, ash and elm, towering in shadowy pomp above them, and casting a dark mass of solid shadow over the bosom of the waters. When they had reached the verge, they halted, and the commander of the party, a tall and powerful figure, clad in a habergeon of steel, with a skull-cap of the same metal on his head, and a huge double-bill, or *gisarme*, in his hand, recently stained with blood, raising a bugle, which hung at his girdle, to his lips, blew a peculiar note, three times repeated, with such a pause, as might have been sufficient to count ten, between each call. Scarce had the last call sounded, before a small skiff, pulled by two vigorous rowers, shot out from under covert of the opposite bank.

"Hereward," cried a low and suppressed voice—"Hereward, is it thou?"

"For England!" answered the deep sonorous tones of the great Saxon outlaw.

"Engelrich, it is I! Bestir thee, man; I have a fair charge with me!"

While he was speaking yet, the skiff struck the bank at his feet, and, fastening it by a chain to some projecting roots, the rowers leaped ashore.

"Hail, Hereward!—all hail!"—exclaimed the youth he had called Engelrich—grasping his hand with warm affection as he spoke. "Again, I trow, victorious?"

"Victorious and avenged!" replied the Saxon. "This trusty blade"—tapping with his fore-finger the ensanguined head of his *gisarme*—"hath at last drunk the life-blood of the murderous Americ! But, haste thee—have these two damsels over the Ouse, as soon as may be; I will induce their mistress to descend from you gay litter. We must dismantle it, I trow; for, to transport it, were beyond our means!"

He spoke—and, turning instantly toward the litter—by which, throughout the toilsome march, he had continually walked, endeavoring, by soothing words and kind encouragement, to calm the terrors of its lovely occupant—"Lady," he said, in tones unusually mild and winning, "our toilsome journey is at length concluded—we have but now to cross the river, and you shall find such shelter, not as your rank or tenderness requires, but as my poverty may lend you. A stout boat waits you, and bold rowers; your damsels have passed over, even now, in safety. May it please you to descend." And, with a gentleness and delicacy of attention, such as that lovely lady thought she had never once received from those, who deemed themselves the mirrors of true courtesy—her princely countrymen, he aided her to quit the litter, supported her down the steep bank, and casting a rich coverlet of velvet, deep-fured with minever, which he had snatched from her litter, over the rugged benches, seated her carefully in the stern, and, pushing the boat gently out—"Give way, my men!" he cried—"steady, and strong! Fear nothing, gentle lady—all care and honor wait you! Now, Elbert," he continued, "strip all the tapestry and velvets from yon couch; she will have need of them, I trow, in our rude dwellings; get them, with all the spoils and armor we have taken, into the skiff when next she crosses—break up the wood-work of the litter, and sink it in the nearest well-head; that done, follow me, with our comrades. Ye, Sexwald, Alfric, and Itel, mount ye these Norman chargers, and lead the palfreys by the rein! Soh!" he continued—"Soh! brave horse"—as he sprang to the side of the noblest of the prizes—"thou canst swim like a swan, I warrant thee!—and pressing his heels to his side, armed as he was, he plunged into the deep and sullen river. Bravely, however, did the good steed breast it—dashing the ripples vigorously off from his broad breast, and stemming the current with such strong controversy, that the skiff which bore the lady had scarcely reached the shore ere Hereward, too, gained it; and, taking land with a quick, scrambling effort, the charger bounded up the steep acclivity and stood upon the summit, panting and snorting between fear and eagerness, before she had surmounted half the ascent. Dismounting, instantly, Hereward joined the beauteous being, with whom he was so singularly placed in contact.

"Lean on mine arm," he whispered, in accents which appeared to blend the deepest feeling with the most perfect veneration—"Lean on mine arm, I pray you, gentle one; it is an honest and a stout, although a rough arm, lady! and, above all, fear nothing, nor doubt! Hereward would not, for all earth holds most rare and coveted, harm one hair of those raven locks, or call up one chaste blush upon those cheeks of snow. Lean on me, for the way is rugged, and you have suffered much of fear and of fatigue this weary day; and deeds, not meet for gentle eyes, have been done in your sight; and sounds of agony and horror have, it must be, appalled your gentle ears. Yet, may the time come, when you shall remember this day and its terrible events—I do not say with pleasure; for that, I know, so warm a heart and kind, could never feel, even at its worst foe's slaughter—but, without sorrow, at the least, and with contended acquiescence in the effects they shall produce hereafter!"

"Oh, no!" she answered—"I fear you not, indeed; and I accept your courtesy, frankly, as it is offered. The brave *are*, for the most part—*should be*, ever—generous and gentle! Weary I am, and in some sort disturbed of mind, and shaken, by what I have this day gone through; but I will not dissemble, nor feign any grief for that bold bad man, from whose oppression your hand hath delivered me. Not less than *yours*, was he *my* foe; and, in avenging your own private griefs, you have delivered me, and I can thank you for it even now, as I shall thank forever that great Being, by whose mysterious Will you have been made the instrument to work this double purpose. You have, too, promised to restore me to my friends and [illegible] whom I hold brave and generous and gentle, and whom, till I know otherwise, I will believe right true and honorable!"

During this conversation they had, after threading a dark belt of shrubbery and coppice, reached a wide level space, of several acres in extent, surrounded by a solid wall, as it were, of dark and massive foliage, and carpeted by soft and mossy green sward. A bright and bickering watch-fire was blazing in the centre of this area, casting its changeable and fitful light over the waving verdure of the trees, and on the rude walls and reed-thatched roofs of six or eight long, low-browed cottages, simply, but not unpicturesquely, built of unbarked timber, with rustic porticoes and latticed casements. A large herd of horned cattle, under the charge of several sentinels and a score or two of huge and wakeful mastiffs, of the true English breed, were lying scattered here and there, in groups of various numbers, chewing the cud, or dozing on the dewy grass; while a large party was collected round the fire, some cooking the flesh of several deer and boars, the fruit of that day's chase—some quaffing deep draughts of the potent ale or rich metheglin, which were the favorite beverages of the Saxon race—some furbishing their implements of hunting, or war weapons, and some out-stretched beside the glowing pile, in calm and profound slumber.

"You must brook rude attendance for so long as you tarry here," continued Hereward, pointing toward the busy group; "we have no women here—no female foot save thine, fair Alice, and those of thine hand-maidens, hath ever printed this sequestered island; yet, true hearts shall watch over you, and strong hands guard you;—nor could you rest more free from wrong, more safe from violence or insult, within the tower of London, and your lordly countrymen, than here, in the last rustic fastness despair has sought out for itself, as its sole earthly refuge against tyrannic persecution. This, lady, is your dwelling"—leading her to one, the smallest, but most neatly finished, of the cottages—"this is your dwelling, so long as you shall tarry with the Saxon—which shall not be, again I pledge my word to you, for any longer space than will allow me to consult for my own safety, in restoring you to all you hold most dear. Your maidens are within already—the furniture of your horse-litter, with such refreshments and such comforts as our humility may offer, shall presently be brought to you. Myself, I will sleep on your threshold—and I beseech you, lie down to your night's repose in all security and peace, as you shall rise in honor, and I trust, in health amended!"

He bowed low, as he finished speaking, and ushered her into the low tenement, which, his own wonted dwelling, he had now set apart for his fair captive. In a brief space, the furniture, and the refreshments he had promised, were conveyed to the lady's door. The rest of the war-party came up from the river, crowded around the fire, partook of a brief and hearty meal, and, worn out by the fatigue and exertions of the day, soon fell asleep, some round the watch-fire, others beneath the shelter of their rustic dwellings; while Hereward, wrapping himself in a heavy watch-cloak, and spreading on the earth a few dressed deer skins, flung himself down upon the threshold of the hut he had surrendered to Alice de Bottetourt, and slept until the dawn as sweetly and as soundly as though he lay beneath a canopy of state, upon a bed of down.

The sun was high, the following morn, ere any of the Saxon soldiery were stirring. Alice herself had risen from her lowly couch refreshed, and happier than she had been for many a weary month—relieved, by the death of her detested suitor, Sir Americ de Bottetourt, who had, the previous day, been stricken down by the stout Saxon, from an entanglement, against which she had long deemed it hopeless even to struggle—before her captor and deliverer had wakened from the sound sleep, which followed on fatigue, and that exhaustion of the mind which succeeds ever to unnatural excitement. The first object, therefore, which met the lady's eye, was the fine form and noble features of her rescuer, the latter wearing an expression placid and calm as the smile of a sleeping infant, as he lay, exposed to the chill influences of the night air, watching over the safety of her to whom he had given up his own poor home. Is it strange, then, that a quick thrill of gratitude, not all unmixed with a yet warmer feeling, should have run through the maiden's heart; and that, when wakening, his eyes met hers, bending with no uninterested glance over his figure—a deep, rich crimson flush should have pervaded brow and neck and bosom; and that, alarmed at the intensity of her own feelings, breaking away like a startled wood-nymph, she should have rushed back into her cottage chamber, and fallen upon her couch, sobbing as though her heart would break? Be it, however, strange or not, such was the fact; and that one instant revealed their half unconscious secret to two hearts. The romance of the lady's situation had awakened a wild interest,

reen before he had beheld her, in the brave SAXON'S bosom; and had, perhaps—though, if it were so, he was quite self-deceived as to his motives—been one main cause of his desperate enterprise against the ancient freedom of his country and his house. Her beauty, which, though avowedly sunrise, had yet surpassed his highest expectations; her grace—her gentleness—and, above all, her unconscious and fervent gratitude toward her deliverer—her feminine, yet noble courage—her accomplishing fortitude during their night's march—had all contributed to make a deep impression on a heart, warm, imaginative, and filled almost to excess with many a passionate and high and noble sentiment. It was in vain, his reason whispered that each thought was new matter—it was in vain, that he resolved to shun her—to remain in the keep—to conquer and crush down the still increasing passion. Thrown, by the accident of their position, into continual but necessary contact, he could not shun her; nor had he wished to do so, would Alice have permitted it. After that first alarm, she had, with wonted self-confidence, thrown off the belief that she felt no more potent sentiment than gratitude and kindness, love and awe to her deep cleaver on her—that, to be reserved or cold, would be, in truth, to be ungracious and ungrateful; and, in this confidence, during the month which passed before an opportunity occurred by which she could be restored to her home, she had admitted him to her society, so far as maidenly decorum would permit. She had received his visits—of ceremony, at the first, and simple courtesy—which soon grew into the succeeding day prolonged, and which soon came to be looked forward to, by either party, as to the single hours which were to lend their coloring to the whole twenty-four. She had walked with him through the unexplored woodlands of his fen-girt island—she had hung on the rich and fiery eloquence with which the stern Saxon dissected upon his country's wrongs, until she felt somewhat as, if erred had her self ashamed to think she was of Normna blood!—in short, her very nature and her soul were changed—she became gradually more and more entangled, till, at last, she loved, as she believed him with all that deep, unfathomable, and intense devotion, of which the heart of woman—and of woman only—is susceptible! Of all this she knew it not—fond fool!—nor did the Saxon, conscious, although he was, of his own slowly grossing love, even suspect it, until the fatal morning came, when she was to depart on her return to her Norman home and kinsmen. The previous evening, all had been arranged, and Alice, though she had spoken with all feeling, though she had openly avowed her warm regard, and possessed everlasting gratitude, felt that all calmness and unpassionate maiden-like tranquility—had answered to the call—to be restored to her parent, and had not done so much as hint the least reluctance, or regret, at the departure.

The morning came. Hereward entered, for the last time, the low cottage door, to lead forth her from whom he now believed he was about to be forever parted, and, without whom, he knew that he could never taste of happiness; and, as he uttered the last adieu to her he loved so wildly, although he struggled manfully to crush it, and swell his feelings—yet, was he shamed, and his strong frame trembled, as with an agony fit, and as he thought to say farewell, his tongue clove to his jaws, and the large scalding tears burst from his manly eyes.

"No! no!"—she cried—"No! no!—I cannot, and I will not!—No! no!—God brought us together—man shall not part us now!—Alice can not not hold—not unmaidenly—but—Hereward, Hereward!—I love thee!" Take me, then—take me, if thou will, to be thy bride—thy Saxon bride—through life, and into death! Thine—thine—I am thine, all, and only! Thy home shall be my home—thy country, my country—and thy God mine!" She fell upon his breast, her arms encircled about his neck, and he pressed her to his heart, and they were made one.

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR SEWARD.

The following is the sketch of Governor SEWARD'S remarks delivered at the Sunday School celebration, at Staten Island, on Thursday the 4th instant.

My Friends and Fellow Citizens—

We have come up here to rejoice that we are a free people, and that we live under the protection of republican institutions. Theorists of other countries may speculate upon the eleven days which beset our constitution—the parties of power and favorites of fortune may encroach our principles and our manners—yet it the sense of mankind could be taken, by offering the people of every nation and kindred and tongue on earth the constitution, the franchises and the revelation we enjoy, one hour, they would every where rise at once from long oppression, and bend that they were freeand republicans as we are.

It is right and proper to assemble ourselves to be ed by their privations and sacrifices; yet those privations and sacrifices were voluntary.—The exactions of England were not yet extreme—the weight of her oppression was not yet intolerable. All might have been patient that was demanded, and all could have been exempted that sought to be relieved. But the people of the American colonies would have remained non-resistants—tame, and frog-trodden and ban any other nation on earth. But meddled liberty and comparative security were not enough to satisfy the demands of our ancestors. They had conceived the idea of absolute independence of foreign power, and had ever cherished that freedom can only be secured by institutions of self government. They never stopped to calculate how much of the cost was to fall upon them, and how much must be borne by posterity the inestimable benefits of the revolution.

It is a worthy purpose of our coming here, to render to Almighty God a acknowledgment and thanksgiving for the Divine favor and protection. Nor could any other ceremonial or act be so suitable as that you have adopted, of bringing hither the children and youth of the new great city to show them here, beneath the forest bodies and upon the hill side, the wonders that God hath done in our behalf. It has its precedents in the numerous instances of the people's to transmit in like manner the traditions of his favor toward his chosen people.

It is well also because we are free may be the actions of monks, serfs and ignoble. Gratitude to our forefathers, if it produce no benefit to the state, is only an unavailing homage to the dead. Even meritorious of praise to God merits no acceptance if they proceed from hearts not inspired with charity toward our fellow men. When we adopt measures for diffusing through a wider sphere the freedom we enjoy, and extending its benefits to more distant generations, benevolence crowns all the other motives which render the acts of destiny and praiseworthy our land.

And need enough there is, my fellow citizens, for such benevolent action for this in which you are engaged. Our institutions, excellent as they are, have hitherto produced but a small portion of the beneficent results they are calculated to bestow upon the people. The kind of these benefits is equality. We do indeed enjoy equality of civil rights. But we have not yet attained, we have only approximated toward, what is even more important, equality of social condition.

From the beginning of time aristocracy has existed, and society has been divided into classes—the rich and the poor—the strong and the oppressed—the learned and the ignorant. Even from that inequality of social condition have resulted the ignorance, the crime, and the suffering of the people. *Let it exist no longer!* Even when I say that this inequality exists among us, and that aristocracy has a better claim to the land of freedom. It does not indeed depress us of our natural rights, but it prevents the diffusion of prosperity and happiness. We should be degenerate descendants of our heroic forefathers if we not avoid this aristocracy, remove the barriers interwhich the rich and the poor, break the control of the few over the many, extend the largest liberty to the greatest number, and strengthen in every way the democratic principles of our constitution.

This is the work in which you are engaged. Sunday schools and common schools are the great benefiting institutions of this age. What is the secret of aristocracy? It is that knowledge is power. Knowledge, the world has long since possessed by the few, and ignorance has been the fate of the many. The secondwhat is that gives him wealth?—The lawyer, what is it that confers upon him political power? The clergyman is it that gives him influence so benign and good purposes, so fatal for mischievous ends?—Knowledge. What makes one man a common laborer and another a quarry, one man a slave and the other a tyrant? Knowledge. Knowledge can never be taken from those by whom it has once been obtained, and hence the power it confers upon them can be never be broken while the many are uneducated. Strip in possessors of all their wealth and power and honors, and knowledge still remains the same mighty agent to restore again to the necessary position that is now held. But there is a more effectual way to transfer aristocracy from among us. It is by extending the advantages of knowledge to the many—till the citizens of the whole state, or the whole last as education is extended, democracy is established.

I wish you, my fellow citizens, God speed in your benevolent and patriotic labors. Seldom does it happen in a citizen to render to his country any service more lasting or more efficacious than that which is accomplished by the teachers of those schools. While they are at work throughout the country, we need indulge no fears of extending too widely the privileges of suffrage and the rights of citizenship.

I return you my humble and grateful acknowledgements for the generous welcome you have given me. Although it may not be in my power to accomplish any good design which I have cherished, and by which I have hoped to contribute something to the prosperity of the state, I can never forget, that under circumstances so propitious, I had the honor of addressing my voice as an advocate for the moral and intellectual improvement of the people.

Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to E. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.50 if paid within six months for the first year.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*S. H.*" has our thanks. We hope soon to hear from him again. Can be without inconvenience leave his address at this office,—it has been forgotten.

It will afford us much pleasure to give place to the stanzas on "*S.*"

The piece addressed in the *Steamer Robert F. Stockton*, have some merit, but are entirely too irregular in metre.

"*A. B.*" will see that his communication has been attended to.

We have given the "*National Temperance Ode*" a attentive perusal, and must decline publishing it. The subject is good, and so are some of the thoughts of the author of the ode, but to rhyme and metre, the STANZAS are most outre.

The stanzas to "*Woman*" by "*T. W. S.*" appear. We cannot say as much of the "*Lines on Woman's Love*" by "*W. J.*" What would the lady of his heart say to the following couplet—

"Deep and still with fervent mind,
Clung to your love, though he's fickle as the wind."

It reminds us of the famous lines of equal length.

"Watt Tharoh a many reared,
Tread with his wings the wilderness of Israel—the wives, and little ones, go over the river to eat the peroal."

The rhyme is unexceptionable in both these couplets, but the difficulty is, that it is too long before you find it out.

Here is a precious scrap for all "lovers."—How are you all to know who signs himself "*Fime*." We are inclined to dispute his identity, though we feel disposed to give the fellow a kick-over the shins nevertheless.

"Dear Mary in the wilderness world
There is no place so dear to me, as when
With your ringlets waving, and your brow curled
And the moon is shining adown the glen."

"*G. S.*" and "*B. L.*" we decline.

The line on a "*Harp*" by our friend of Mullica Hill, have been received, they shall appear next week. Shall we hear from him soon again?

NEWSPAPERS.

We see by an article in the Times that Philadelphia exceeds New York in the number of newspapers issued daily. There are seven daily morning papers in that city, viz: the Courier and Enquirer, Gazette, Express, Journal of Commerce, and Times, in addition to the number, of the large sheets, and the Sun, Herald, New Era, Whig, Dispatch and Transcript, six in number, of the small ones. To these may now be added the EVENING papers, the Post, Star, Advertiser and American, making 15 daily papers in all published in New York. It has be computed that the daily papers in Philadelphia, of the six-pennies, there are 10, viz. Poulson's Advertiser, United States Gazette, National Gazette, Sentinel, Philada. Gazette, National Pennsylvanian, Commercial Herald, Evening Star, North American. Of the penny papers there are 6, viz. Ledger, Sun, World, Despatch, Little Pickle and Little Genius.

We had always supposed that we were far ahead of Philadelphia in every thing, and find that the city of brotherly love is to the van in the cause of literature. We may not only boast of the number, but the intelligent appearance character of the daily press of this city, not however including all that have been named. Philadelphia is one which are suffered to disappear, and whose column is are filled with ungenerous attacks upon the character, dress, and personal appearance of females, and should only be cause to decrease praise, and should only be found to be despised. We go as far as any for the liberty of the press, but the term is vally misunderstood when it is made the ready instrument of liberty a vehicle, through which to vent their spleen and ill-disguised malice, upon honest and esteemed men. Philadelphia has never been long cursed with these pestilential sheets, the good sense of her citizens, or the virtue of her friend Lynch soon purges them given them their quietus, either by withholding patronage, or by presenting them as nuisances to the community, and under such circumstances they have been characterised, by a lofty tone of decision and we regret that there should exist any exceptions to the rule. The Times, to whose credit be it said, is conducted in a gentlemanly manner, since it became subject to the exclusive control of its present editor, has been no less remarkable for the good sense displayed in the selection of some of its leaders, than for the fearless independence of its course. Its editor will agree with us, that there was a time, when Sun much could not have been said with any regard to the truth. This little sheet, notwithstanding its strong political caste, has won its way into almost every family. It has battled fearlessly with public abuses, and though it occasionally applies the lash with unmerciful severity, it generally takes its censure in good spirit and makes them laugh at its perfect good nature even while smarting under the infliction. The pencilings of Leigh and the Liar which are published weekly in its columns, evince a master-hand, and are touched off with much skill and discrimination. The present editor was for a long time one of the most delightful contributors to this paper, and had he not rushed into the dusty arena of politics, we doubt not that his name would have stood as high in the literary world as in every part of the United States as it is in this city.

"Of those received, 184 were from Philadelphia, 7 from Berks, 1 from Bucks, 1 from Washington, 2 from Franklin, 3 from Columbia, 1 from Lycoming, and 4 from Allegheny county.

"20 boys were indentured to farmers, 7 to shoemakers, 5 to tailors, 4 to a number, 3 to a butcher, 3 to chairmakers, 1 to tailor, 3 to blacksmiths, 1 to cabinet maker, 3 to mason, 1 to a cooper, 1 to a brickmaker, 1 to a saddler, 1 to a tobacconist, 1 to a wheelwright, 1 to a currier, 1 to a tanner, 1 to a sugar maker, 1 to cabinet maker. The girls (16) were indentured to learn housewifery."

GAMBLERS.

We are pleased to learn, that the Attorney General has expressed his desire to break up certain gambling establishments, which have become notorious in this city, and that his honor Judge Bouvier intimated his willingness to do justice to the offenders should they be brought before him. The attention of the court, it appears was called to the subject by the *Ledger*, which designated certain establishments near Decatur and Seventh streets, and enjoined upon the court and its officers the performance of their duty. The press is certainly a most efficient Conservator of the public morals, and it not only has the right, but it is in duty to speak out plainly, wherever there is a manifest delinquency among public officers. Gaming establishments undoubtedly exist in great numbers in this city of some of them are not visited by persons whose sacred duty as public officers, it is to do their utmost for their suppression. If, however, with the knowledge of the fact, no efforts are made to rid the community of evils which are crying aloud from their enormity for suppression, it is the imperative duty of the conductors of the press to lay plain things. We do not believe that there is any disposition on the part of the Attorney General to screen any person whose sacred duty as public officers, it is to do their utmost for their suppression. If, however, with the knowledge of the fact, no efforts are made to rid the community of evils which are crying aloud from their enormity for suppression, it is the imperative duty of the conductors of the press to lay plain things. We do not believe that there is any disposition on the part of the Attorney General to screen any person whose conviction through improper influence, or from justice, but we do believe that there are men whose duty it is to aid him, who might furnish the facts in relation to these evils, who are not sufficiently clear as they should be, and if they were honest men, as they might be. No exertion, however, should be spared by the friends of law and order, wealth to bring offenders before the bar of the Criminal Court, and even should they escape conviction through improper influence, as it happened, be the consolation of having done his duty to God and his country. It is shameful when the dice can be heard rattling from the very walls of the State House, and villainy becomes so organised, disciplined and condensed as to defy detection.

"*Mitchell's School Geography and Atlas*," Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co. A system of modern Geography, illustrated by an Atlas of sixteen maps; it contains about three hundred pages, and was compiled by Augustus Mitchell. From the hasty glance at the Geography, we think that it is well written, and contains the most pertinent knowledge; the questions are well adapted to the comprehension of the young learner. The maps are equally well done, the divisions are clear and distinct, and the coloring is good.

Theodore Hook receives a thousand pounds per annum, for one contribution per month to the New Monthly Magazine.

Blackwood's Magazine for June, contains distinguished reference to two American writers —viz: Albert Pike, of Arkansas, and Isaac C. Pray, jr. of Boston.

A new Law-Work. Our efficient Alderman, Mr. John Binns, has now in press a fat will soon publish a Digest of the Laws and Judicial Decisions particularly relating to Justices of the Peace. The work will be published by Kay & Brother, of this city. Nearly all the legal gentlemen of note of this city have already entered their names as subscribers to the work, and as it will undoubtedly be useful in every man of business, and at this time much needed, a large sale of the work may be anticipated.

SUN FLOWER SEEDS.

We have received from Messrs. Cook & Goodman, of Marietta, Pa. a sample of ten thousand leaf, which they are now growing for the manufacture of cigars. They are of a mammoth species, the seeds of which they have received from Mr. John de Ulloa as a complete "Mem Hoax"—that instead of the vast destruction of the French fire, not a single leaf from the French fell into the castle and created great consternation. There is no evidence on the walls of "destroyed and the enter did not see a single house in Vera Cruz that had been injured by the bombardment.

AN ATHEIST NO WITNESS.

Judge Wilkins in the United States Court at Detroit, last week, very properly ruled that testimony of an atheist is not admissible. Perfectly right. What guarantee have we, that such a man would tell the truth upon oath?

OUTRAGEOUS.

On Wednesday afternoon an individual, who says his name is John Maslin, was arrested by Mr. Gill, a private citizen of this city. Maslin was riding in a dearborn, accompanied by his wife and an infant child, about nine months old, and was in a state of beastly intoxication.—Every few minutes, he, infuriated with rum, inflicted severe blows on the head and face of his wife, until her head was entirely covered with blood and gore. At this juncture, Mr. Gill arrested, and, assisted by a friend, he secured the child, and arrested him. In the absence of the Mayor, he was taken before Alderman Binns, who, under the circumstances, of course committed him to Moyamensing. Maslin, we understand, is a native of Ireland.

Mr. Griffith made his ascension from this city on Monday afternoon last in his large balloon. It was not very well balanced, as it rocked violently that many of the spectators, were apprehensive of consequences. These accessions are entirely to freedom and vagrancy, and draw thousands from their daily avocations, and can never be attended with any possible benefit.

Mr. Paulin landed on the Cape May side of Hancock, between Burlington and Mount Holly. He estimates the height he rose at 12,000 feet. He had a fine view of Camden, Gloucester and Trenton, when at the height of about 10,000 feet, and also of the surrounding country of 30 miles distance, on either side of him.

TEETOTALISM.

In the Common Council at their last meeting Mr. Wetherill from the Watering Committee, to which was referred the communication from the Temperance Benevolent Association, Western Branch, No. 2, reported that the committee had ordered 100 iron bullies to be attached to the Schuylkill water pumps for the use of the people of pettioners. We hope that some method will be adopted to keep them at the pumps, as such accommodations are altogether too nice for this warm weather. The present plan of putting a cup for cold iron might be found willing to *steal*. A friend at our elbow suggests that a bottle of Champagne would be more readily kept, than the other side of the pump, so as to *attract attention* from the ladies. We fear that the bottle would be broken sooner than the citizens in these degenerate days.

CATTLE.

The Lancaster Herald says that during the last month there passed over the Western Bridge, on the Lancaster, Easchetown and Marietta turnpike, eighteen *thousand, four hundred and nine* head of sheep, and *two thousand, two hundred and twenty-six* head of cattle, which is more than could have been said with any regard to truth. This little sheet, notwithstanding its strong political caste, has won its way into almost every family. It has battled fearlessly with public abuses, and though it occasionally applies the lash with unmerciful severity, it generally takes its censure in good spirit and makes them laugh at its perfect good nature even while smarting under the infliction. The pencilings of Leigh and the Liar which are published weekly in its columns, evince a master-hand, and are touched off with much skill and discrimination. The present editor was for a long time one of the most delightful contributors to this paper, and had he not rushed into the dusty arena of politics, we doubt not that his name would have stood as high in the literary world as in every part of the United States as it is in this city.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

This truly praiseworthy institution is in quite a flourishing condition. We learn from the 11th annual report that more than seven hundred and fifty children have been received into the institution since its establishment—that the number is annually extended—and that, as the value of the House is better understood, it will be used the greater is the number sent to it from different parts of the State.

During the year 1838, 137 inmates, viz. 92 boys and 45 girls, were received into, and 139 left the Refuge, viz. 90 boys and 30 girls; and there remained in the 31st December 168, viz. 105 boys and 53 girls.

DEPOSITORY.

—*Nicholas Nickleby*" No. 16 from the press of LEA & BLANCHARD has been received. It increases in interest as the work proceeds.

THE SILK CULTURE.

We are gratified to observe that this new and interesting business is rapidly extending in several towns in our neighborhood in almost an equal ratio to the increase of the Multicaulis trees.

In Burlington, N. J. we are informed that almost every house is a cocoonery, the parlors and all spare rooms being devoted to the feeding of silk worms, and the women and children generally occupied in the business. Burlington has taken the lead, and the example has been so prompt as to deserve the highest commendation. We are happy to learn that the spirit has appears disposed to maintain its ascendancy. Several very large cocooneries have already been built, some of them measuring as long as 117 feet in length by 32 feet in width, and among a number of other private cocooneries, the Messrs. Cheney's is prominent. It is 60 feet in length by 30 feet in width. These gentlemen are feeding at this time 150,000 worms, and are doing it most successfully. They have adopted the latest improvements of France, keeping the temperature of the rooms at 74° to 76° Fahrenheit, with furnaces at each end of the room, and a hydrometer in the centre. The worms are divided into seven classes of color, and had urged her to enter suit against her brother-in-law. That Mr. Gibson had this trust reposed, and that no doubt of his integrity existed in the mind of the lady was inconsistent on him, as a public journalist, and that he was the means of the ruin of many, to expose the conduct of those who professed to be his friends, and the betrayer of their confidence, and a sister who watched over her with maternal care. The Doctor gained her confidence, betrayed and ruined her sister, and would have betrayed her sister lived, had her long now in that of a Mr. Smith, of this city, who is about to marry her.

The counsel for the defendant said he would show that *Dr.* Mackie introduced himself to the house where a Scotch girl had been living; that she had been previously well behaved; that the keeper of the hotel believed his calls to be professional; that the girl was young, fatherless and interesting, and had

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

THE FILATURE, REELING SILK, &c.

Of royal, perforated cocoons, and soufflons.

When in the progress of reeling off a set of cocoons, the fibre is observed to diminish in size, in place of supplying additional fibres from more numerous cocoons than were at first in play, in order to keep up the uniformity in the size of the thread, the following practice is adopted in the Cevennes, a famous silk district in France.*

In preparing fine silk, the cocoons are not wound off entirely, so as to leave the pellicle of the chrysalis bare, for two reasons: first because the additional fibres required to be added, when the first and strong part of the fibre is observed to be spent, might make the compound thread too stout, and would thus cause a waste of silk; secondly, because the fibre of a cocoon, which has been entirely wound off, besides being weak, also abounds in knots, which would cause it to break in winding, and injure its uniformity, in which the goodness of the thread mainly consists. Therefore, in winding fine silk when the cocoon has given off three-fourths and a half of silk it must be replaced by another cocoon; the remainder of the first cocoons are to be set aside and their silk added to that of an inferior quality. When the first parcel of cocoons is nearly finished, take out, with a ladle, all those on which some silk has been left; let them be opened, the chrysalides taken out, and the shells put in a basket, with the coarse fibres first pulled off with the hands from the cocoons, which were ordered to be laid aside. These cocoons, which are partly wound off, must on no account be permitted to remain in the basin: for they will obscure and thicken the water, and injure the water, and injure the color and lustre of the silk, which can then be used only for dark colors: besides this, the consistence of the silk is injured, and waste ensues in the winding. The shells are to be buried to prevent them from becoming offensive: or they may be added to the manure heap. As a general rule, the water must be changed when discolored.

When the spent cocoons leap up, and adhere to the iron plate, they must be immediately taken away, else, by choking the passage, they will endanger the breaking of the thread.

When the reel has remained any time idle, the thread between the basin and the wires or rampins, must be wet, to cause the thread to run easily. Keep also the teeth of the wheels, and the mortices, in which the traversing bar plays, wet, to insure regularity and ease in their movements. In winding the good cocoons, some defective ones will be found among them, which will not wind off, or are full of knobs; these must be taken out of the copper, and kept by themselves; they are called bassinats, and are to be wound apart as coarse as possible; they make a foul silk.

The breaking of the fibres is principally owing either to bad cocoons, viz: being ill formed, (as they will be when the worms are disturbed and interrupted during the spinning,) or the fibres may break by an improper regulation of heat in the water: when it is not sufficient to make them wind off easy; or second, when it is too great and occasions burrs, which may stop at some of the holes through which the thread runs. Cocoons, also, which may have two worms enclosed, will perpetually break. The whole thread may also break, by burrs stopping at the holes in the plate, or by the reel being turned by jerks. It may be fastened, like the fibres, by laying the parts on one another, and giving them a little twist. To avoid the breaking, occasioned by burrs, the rampins should be just so wide as to let them easily pass.

It would be convenient for the spinner to have a little stick erected close to the side of the basin, to hang her whisk on, and also a sharp fork, with which she may draw away the spent cocoons; or such as being near spent, stick at the holes in the plate: and as the whisk will frequently take up more ends than are immediately to be added, and as the spinner will sometimes have occasion to employ both her hands, the brush will, at that time, conveniently hang by the basin, while the cocoons, which are attached to it, remain in the water, and the ends will be in readiness as they are wanted. When the cocoons rise to the iron plate, they are to be drawn down between the fingers of the spread hand.

If the spinner be under the necessity of leaving off work for any length of time, the cocoons should all be raised with a skimming dish out of the water, till her return; otherwise by over-soaking they would wind off in burrs; but it is best to continue without interruption, and to let fresh, but equally experienced persons succeed those who are tired.

The person who turns the reel, should have an eye to the threads, and to the guide wires, (rampins) through which they pass, that he may apprise the spinner when any thing is wrong: for her eyes will be sufficiently employed about the cocoons. The reeler might also rectify any thing discovered to be amiss in those parts of the thread which are near the reel: for one hand will always be unemployed, and a stop must occasionally take place.

Though the reeler can change hands, as they tire, by turning, yet, for ease he might have a support for his arm opposite to the axle of the reel, and so turn the handle only by that motion which can be given to it by the arm moving upon the elbow as a centre.

As the heat of the water in the basin will require to be varied, according to the ease or difficulty with which the different sorts of cocoons give off their silk, the spinner should always have some cold water within reach, in order to cool that in the basin quickly, when the silk comes off too easily, and in burrs. The water is also necessary for the woman managing the cocoons to cool her fingers, and to sprinkle the iron bar when it becomes heated. Some chips or shavings should also be at hand, to increase the heat quickly, when the cocoons do not yield their silk readily. If there should happen to be any sand in the water, the heat causes it to rise to the surface and fix on the cocoons—the thread of which, will break as if cut; for this reason the utmost care must be taken to guard against it, and to remove it. Previously to being boiled, the water should be permitted to settle, and the pan must be carefully wiped; if necessary, the basin should be covered while the water is heating. If sand be perceived in the water, it must be poured off, and the sand washed out, for a single grain may cause the fibre to break.

When the cocoons are first put in the water, if the silk rises thick upon the brush, or comes in lumps, it is a sign that the water is too hot; if the thread cannot be caught the water is too cold. When the cocoons are in play, if they rise often to the holes in the iron plate, the water is too cold.

Keep an equal number of cocoons working at each end of the basin, in order to preserve the thread of silk of an equal size. When there are fewer on one side than the other, the silk becomes smaller at that side, and the thread will break. Therefore, throw in the cocoons one by one, and never more than two at a time.

It will be seen, by observing the position of the thread upon the reel, that the different layers do not lie parallel to, nor upon, but cross one another. This is owing to the mechanism of the apparatus, and is particularly contrived to effect this object, which is essential to the perfection of the process, and one to which the acknowledged superiority of the Italian silk is to be ascribed. It is effected by the see saw or horizontal motion of the traversing bar, and is produced by the different number of the teeth in the pinion of the axle, and in the wheels at the end of the shaft, and in the pinion on the top of the post, which catch and work upon one another. Without this crossing, the threads, from their gummy nature, would inevitably adhere, and render the subsequent windings and twistings of the silk very difficult; the causing thread frequently to break, and, when joined, to form knots, which, in weaving, cannot pass through the reeds, and hence, injure the beauty of the stuffs. But the mechanism mentioned of the traversing bar, prevents the threads lying over each other upon the reel, until after it has made many revolutions. Borgnis says, that a thread cannot be found to occupy the same place it had at the commencement of the reeling, until after eight hundred and seventy-five turns of the reel. During this time the exposure of the threads to the air, causes the first layer to dry completely, and hence, no adhesion between them can take place. The double irregularity of movement which takes place between the traversing bar and the axle which moves it, forms also an internal motion, the effect of which is to imitate, in the unravelling of the cocoon, the same method employed by the silk caterpillar in forming it: for it is a fact, as before said, that the silk fibres of the cocoon are spun on it in zig zags, like those formed by the silk reel, and, consequently the operation of the reel is an imitation of nature, of which the industry of the caterpillar, instructed by her, is the prototype.

With the view of increasing the facility of drying the threads, the law of Piedmont requires the distance between the posts or supports of the axle or the traversing bar, to be 'two aliprand feet,' or three feet four inches and two-fifths, American measure.

Seven rotations of the reel, cause the traversing bar to move five times from side to side.

Dandolo says, it is a well known fact, that two reelers, each reeling 7½ pounds of cocoons of the same quality, one will obtain only six ounces and a half, or perhaps still less, while another will turn off eight ounces.

Mr. Nouaille says, that a woman at Novi, (Italy) experienced in the business, with the assistance of a girl to turn the reel and attend the fire under the cauldron, can, with ease, reel off one pound of silk, consisting of four or five cocoons, of the most perfect quality in a day.

When a desired quantity of silk has been wound on the reel, pick off all the loose silk; then take a handful of the coarse silk, and, after washing and squeezing it, dip it in cold water, and rub over the silk on the reel, stroking up also the silk with the palm of the hand: then turn the wheel with all possible velocity, with open windows, if the reeling has been done in a room, for about eight or ten minutes, to dry the silk effectually, which done, take off the reel, put it in a dry airy place, but not in the sun. This is done to clean the silk and give it a gloss.

When one reel is taken off, another should be put on, that the work may not be delayed. Every winding apparatus must have two reels.

In preparing the doupions for winding off, more are put into the basin at once than of the finest kind. They must be first well cleaned from the floss on their outsides. The water also must be boiling hot; and, as the silk they yield is of a coarser quality than the other, and has a good deal of floss upon it, the person who turns the reel must take the opportunity, while the one who manages the basin is preparing the cocoons for winding, to clean and pick off the loose silk from that which is on the reel. The doupions intended for ordinary sewing silk are to be wound from fifteen to twenty cocoons.—The rest may be wound as coarse as possible, that is, from forty to fifty cocoons. These serve to cover and fill up in coarse stuffs, and are, likewise, for sewing silk. The good choquettes are to be wound according to the uses they are intended to be put to, but not finer than from seven to eight. The bad choquette may be wound from fifteen to twenty. The satiny cocoons, so called from their resemblance to satin, require water only moderately hot. The proper heat will be found by observing the manner in which the silk comes off from the first of them which are put into the basin; and, as already said of cocoons generally, if it comes off thick, cold water must be added, until the proper temperature be attained. They must not be allowed to remain long in the water, and there should be only a few of these cocoons put in at a time. The water for the doupions and choquettes must be changed four times a day.

Of disbanding the silk from the reel, and tying it in skeins: preparation of the silk for use.

One cannot consider attentively the manner in which the silk is reeled from the cocoons, without observing that the single fibres of which the thread is composed are liable to suffer very different degrees of stretching as they are wound from the cocoons. If the cocoons are not well sorted, this different degree of extension will be the greater; and, even when they are sorted, they must still be subject to the same, because some are a little longer in the water than others, and, therefore, give their silk easier; and, also, the weak latter ends of some cocoons wind off with the strong first part of others.

The fibres being thus stretched unequally, will occasion (when the skein is taken from the reel too suddenly) those fibres which are most stretched to contract more than the others, by which their union will be in some measure destroyed, and the thread composed of them rendered less compact and firm, the fibres appearing in several places disjoined from one another. To remedy this, the skein should remain there six or eight hours, until the unequal extension which it suffered in winding is, by the stretch which it undergoes on the reel, brought nearer to an equality; and, until the thread, by being well dried, has its fibres firmly united.

When the skein is finished, there should be a mark tied to the end of the thread, otherwise it may be difficult to find it, if it mixes with the threads of the skein.

When the skein is quite dry, proceed to disband it from the reel. First, squeeze it together all around, to loosen it upon the bars; then, with a thread made of the refuse silk, tie it on that place where it bore on the bars of the reel: then slide it off the reel, and make another tie on the part opposite to the one first made; after which, double it, and tie it near each extremity, and then lay it by for use or sale, in a dry place.

* This appears to be a preferable mode, as regards ease of performance, and the preservation of a uniformity in the thread, to the old plan of increasing the number of fibres from fresh cocoons, to add to others which may be nearly spent.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Death from Malpractice.—There was much excitement caused last week from the death of a child of J. Gladding, at the corner of Fourth and Plumb streets. From the evidence it appeared that the child was ten days old—that when the mother was confined, the father refused to get a nurse or physician, but officiated himself. After the birth he prohibited the child from having the mother's milk, but gave it soot tea. A post mortem examination was held, and from appearances it never had any nourishment—the stomach being empty, and the brain much inflamed, which caused its death. Coroner's verdict in accordance.—*Times.*

An interesting little girl, of seven years, had a foot and ancle completely severed from her leg, by a railroad car, on Saturday last, at the corner of Front and Poplar lane.

The number of interments last week were 146, 80 under 2 years of age.

Accident.—Last Friday afternoon, Mr. John Vaughan was knocked down by a sulky rapidly driven on the wooden pavement opposite to Independence Square. The venerable gentleman was taken up senseless, and carried to the house of Dr. Rush, whose skilful treatment has placed the patient beyond danger, though the injury done him was of an alarming character. He received two cuts, one on each side of the head, on the right side an artery being severed; and one of his legs was severely hurt, supposed to be by the horse's hoof. The driver of the sulky was arrested, and held to bail by the Mayor in the sum of one thousand dollars.—*Nat. Gazette.*

Something Wrong.—The Trenton Gazette and Bicknell's Philadelphia Reporter, concur in the opinion that the Trenton and Philadelphia Rail-road, (west side the Delaware, and where Mr. Steele was recently killed,) is in a wretched condition.

Mr. Reed Cured of Stammering.—Mr. Charles Reed, from Vermont, called upon us and read as fluently as any one. Eight weeks since we conversed with the same gentleman, and he could not articulate a sentence without stammering badly. He had been afflicted from infancy.—His mother stammered; and he has a sister who is also subject to the same infirmity. Mr. Reed tells us he intends to send her to the care of Dr. Comstock, who has been so successful in his own case, and in that of all others placed under his care. We look upon it as doing stammerers a kindness by constantly keeping them advised of such important facts.—*Saturday Courier.*

Supposed Infanticide.—On Monday morning last a newly born child, quite dead, was found in the vault of a house in Cherry street near Eighth. The supposed mother of the child, Mary Anne Merritt, now in bed, will undergo an examination as well as several other persons; and until the result is known we forbear comment.

Joseph King, of Haycock, Pa. on the 22d ult. deliberately blew off his lower jaw with a musket, causing death in a day or two after.

Attempted Rape.—The Arrest of a Villain.—A brutal attack was made last Sunday, says the Miners' Journal, by an Irishman, between Minersville and Lewelyn, on the person of a young German girl, who was passing the road. Before he could accomplish his diabolical purpose, a generous Welshman happened to pass, coming from church, rescued the poor girl and captured the rascal. We learn that the wretch had about a half an hour previous, attempted a similar outrage on the person of a widow lady, but she was fortunate enough to overpower him and escape. He is now safely lodged in jail at Orwigsburg.

Horrid.—On the 4th instant, as one Henry J. Smith, of Sharon, Montgomery country, Penn. was leading a procession of citizens, playing a violin, a horse attached to a wagon took fright, and running against him, one of the shafts of the wagon pierced him through the body, lifting him from the ground, and carried him in that awful condition several rods, when the horse fell upon him and put an end to his misery.

NEW YORK.

Putting out a Row.—On the 11th a fire broke out in New York. An engine was brought to bear, and the fire was soon put out. The engine was then turned upon a score of young fellows who were trying to get up a disturbance. They were somewhat "*put out*" too.

An ox has been raised by Mr. Charles Kendall, of Bethany, Genesee county, which weighs three thousand five hundred pounds.

The cities of Rochester and New York will will be brought close together. The completion of the rail-road to the first will enable them to come to New York in twenty six hours. We trust the closer union between Western New York and the commercial emporium will be to the mutual advantage of both, in every sense.

A Novel Wager.—Three boys have been arrested in Albany, on a charge of setting a house on fire, which caused the recent heavy destruction of property in that city. One of the culprits confessed that the building was set on fire to determine a bet of cigars as to which engine would get to it first! A pretty business truly.

Professor George Combe has arrived at Buffalo, but his health we regret to hear, is so delicate as to prevent his giving a course of phrenological lectures in the lake city.

Compliments to Editors.—The Buffalo Journal has received a basket of delicious mammoth strawberries, from his honor the Mayor of that city. One measured *five inches* in circumference.

A quack advertisement in one of the New York papers, announces that the present season has been unusually sickly. The bills of mortality, however, tell quite a different tale.

On the Fourth, a drunkard or maniac, at Canandaigua, threw himself in front of the mouth of a cannon, the moment the match was applied to it; the wadding severed his body and he died on the spot.

Arrival of Mr. Clay at Buffalo—The Buffalo Journal of July 13th, (Saturday) says:

"The Hon. Henry Clay, arrived in town early this morning, and left in the 9 o'clock train of cars for the Falls, where we learn he will remain for a few days at the mansion of his friend Gen. P. B. Porter."

The U. S. Ship North Carolina.—The gallant tars on board this ship were paid off on Tuesday. It is stated in the Express that they thronged the Manhattan Bank in pursuit of their cash, riding there in their carriages like men of state. The pay roll is stated to be $168,000.

One of the New York fashionables is called by some, the "Giraffee;" by others, "Tall Mary in Breeches!"

During the last term of the Court of Common Pleas of New York, which ended on Saturday last, every case on the argument and trial calendars was called over, and the parties had an opportunity to bring their causes to an issue.—Within the memory of the oldest practitioner at the bar, the like has not happened.

EASTERN.

The Shekel of Israel.—The editor of the Boston Times has been shown a genuine shekel of the Jewish coinage.

Ladies Veils.—The editor of the Pawtucket R. I. Chronicle, reads the factory girls and others of that pleasant village, a lesson on the subject of wearing veils. We think he is more than half right. There are times when a veil may be necessary, but nine times out of ten the girls might as well show their pretty faces as not. Who's afraid?

The Aroostook.—The trespassers on the Aroostook during night secretly untied the boom, and the contraband timber held in *abeyance*, has floated down toward the ocean. The civic guard has dispersed.

Well off for Clothes.—At the recent Jarvis trial in Connecticut, it was stated that on calling a survey of the lady's wardrobe, there were found *twenty-one* trunks filled with apparel, and a rich court dress for the lady to be presented to the King and Queen of Naples.

The great Cape Cod Jubilee comes off in September. Would that we could take a hand in the festivities. We cannot help thinking of those thousand and one widows. What time are huckleberries ripe in the vicinity of Barnstable? We have almost forgotten.

Another Wife Wanted.—A "down-easter" advertises for a wife in something like the following manner: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed with comfortable fixens, $500 in the hard pewter, one that has had the measles and understands tending children, can find a customer for life, by writing a small *bill dux*, addressed to Z. Q. and stick it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, jinin' the hog pen."

Another Patriot gone to rest.—Capt. Jeremiah Harding, one of the defenders of Fort Griswold, died in New Haven, (Conn.) on the 7th inst. and was buried under military honors by the Artillery and Flank companies.

Quite Consoling.—The editor of the Pawtucket (R. I.) Chronicle congratulates a young girl of that place, who accidentally dropped $10 through a hole in one of the bridges, that she did not fall through herself. She was lucky, that's a fact, although it would be hard to make her believe it.

Travel through Providence, R. I.—A noble bridge is building to connect the east and west sections of this city. The travel daily over this link is estimated at near 3000 wagons, teams, chaises, &c. every 24 hours, in a population of 26,000. Most of the travel, however, is of persons on the route between the northern and southern cities.

It is reported that three brothers, men of wealth, and good men and tried, have offered *fourteen thousand dollars* to the Bunker Hill Monument Association, on such conditions as cannot be refused, toward the completion of the obelisk, and that the work must go-ahead and be soon concluded.

The venerable Dr. Nott is now actively engaged in lecturing upon Temperance.

Incendiaries Braving Public Opinion.—A committee is sitting at Burlington, Vt. to inquire into the late alarming fires there. The Burlington Free Press intimates that some of the magistrates are luke warm, from being intimidated by the desperate gang that infest the town. A Frenchman has been taken up.

The Rev. Mr. Jarvis and his Wife.—This interesting couple have had leave, by the Legislature of Connecticut to go home and live with one another—to bill or bite, coo or scratch, kiss or pull hair, just as they please. We hope they have a good time.

Illustrations of Professor Espy's Theory.—The Boston Transcript describes a remarkable hail storm at Waltham on Friday evening at 7 o'clock. There was no wind, a cloud rose from the Northwest, another from the West, and a third from the Southwest, and met. As soon as they united, hail began to fall in large quantities, and in a short time completely covered the ground, and cart loads might have been shoveled up. The hailstones were of every variety of shape, and many of them were six inches in circumference.

Importation of Yellow Fever into Portland, (Maine.)—The Eastern Argus says that the West India Yellow Fever is making sad havoc with New England sailors. We have recorded the death of several within a few weeks, of our own townsmen, and of those who reside in our vicinity. The brig Charles Miller, which arrived here yesterday, lost by this terrible disease, before she sailed from Havana, one of her mates, John Powell, of this city—also William Cox, a seaman; and on the passage, Mr. John Cook, of Wakefield, N. H. (a passenger) died July 6th.

Death by Lightning.—On the afternoon of the 8th, the dwelling house of James Gamwell, in Palmer, Mass. was struck by lightning, and his wife was instantly killed. She has left several children.

William Pierce, aged 96, one of the last relics of the "Tea Party," was present at the Faneuil Hall celebration of the 4th, at Boston. He was helped into his carriage by another revolutionary lad, aged 86.

Death of a Revolutionary Patriot.—Another veteran of the daily diminishing ranks of the revolutionary soldiers, has gone to his resting place. James Congdon died at his residence in Warwick, (Rhode Island,) in the 86th year of his age. He has left a large family to lament his loss.

The only two living "Life Guards" of Washington were in the procession on the Fourth of July in Newburgh. Their names are Benjamin Eaton and Robert Blair. On entering the church they each bore an American flag, followed by six other Revolutionary soldiers—the united ages of all being 551 years.

A Pattern of Industry.—The Hartford Patriot of a late date, mentions that Mrs. Elizabeth Meigs, of New Britain, a lady 84 years of age, during the year 1838, knit forty-eight pairs of stockings and footed ten pairs, besides knitting seven pairs of mittens and two night caps. During the same time she pieced two bed quilts, one of which contained 2601 pieces of one and a half inch square; all of this, with *her own hands* for her friends and needy acquaintances, without compensation. She is a pious, worthy old lady, the widow of a revolutionary officer, and a connexion of the old Postmaster General Meigs. Besides accomplishing this labor, she daily devoted an hour or two to reading.

WESTERN.

The Butchers Association of Cincinnati, has a very handsome library. A course of lectures is now being delivered before that body.

Horrible Combination.—It is stated in a western paper that Miss Clorinda Clout teaches a school at Shirt-Tail Bend.

An Inveterate Disputant.—There is a man in one of the counties in Tennessee, an inveterate political wrangler, who lately sold out and moved out of the neighborhood, because the people were all Whigs. He was one himself, and so long as there was a loco-foco about, to dispute and hold an argument with, he felt perfectly reconciled and at home. The last link was broken.

A Good Excuse.—The News, a paper published some where up in Ohio, lately contained the following apology for not making its appearance in due season:

Our paper comes out late this week. Cause vy? Bas Printer got married, and Hands been drinking the vine. Heigh, ho!

An entire Town destroyed by Fire, with the exception of a Shanty!—This is the head of a paragraph in some Illinois paper. On first reading it we calculated that at least three hundred houses must have been consumed, with property to the amount of several millions, but it turns out that the county seat of Henry county, Illinois, consisting of *one house*, occupied as the court-house, jail, church and tavern, only has been burnt. The shanty was occupied by a pig and setting hen, and fortunately escaped, as the wind blew the other way.

The western people have established a new mode of sending the compliments of a new married couple. Instead of sending a slice of cake, the happy couple now send a first rate barrel of flour. We wish some one would do the same to us.

Wire Tiller Ropes.—The Wheeling Times says: It has entirely failed on the Western rivers thus far. The wire will not stand the strain upon it when bent, and that bend constantly shifting.

A Mormon Work.—The Mormons have a work in the press at Commerce, Illinois, called "Times and Seasons," being a history of the scenes in Missouri; it will also contain the doctrines of the sect, revelations of their prophets, &c. &c.

A Girl's Revenge.—The Louisville (Ky.) Journal says, a little boy, 16 years of age, near Aix la Chapelle, Miss. recently slapped his little sister, aged about 12 years, for some trifling misdemeanor, when she instantly grasped a knife, and plunged it to his heart!

Strange.—The ten days preceding July 6th, there were 26,000 barrels less flour arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, than at that time last year. Also, 11,200 bushels less of corn. The explanation probably is that it has gone direct to Buffalo for the general amount from the West compared with last year is greatly increased.

Some of the officials of Illinois have been collecting a poll tax of aliens. This is a violation of law, and the State is likely to get in trouble through the ignorance of its agents.

Counterfeiters Nabbed.—Two counterfeiters were arrested, a few days ago, in Lewis county, Kentucky, on whose persons were found about $5000 in counterfeit bills on the Safety Fund Banks of New York.

A party of Indians had a drunken spree in Quincy, Ill. during which one of their number was murdered. His dead body lay among them until next morning, when it was buried.

Emigration to Missouri.—The St. Louis Bulletin, June 22d, says:—

The Monsoon, from Pittsburg, brought 97 cabin passengers, and 150 deck. Captain Pearce will please accept our thanks for the Cincinnati and Louisville papers he furnished us with.

During a recent altercation at Cincinnati, between the captain of the steamboat Grecian and a Mr. Powell, the former presented a pistol at the head of the latter, and would have discharged it, had not a gentleman standing by knocked him overboard from the guards of the boat where the scene took place. The captain was so much stunned by the blow that he was rescued from drowning with great difficulty. The pistol went off as he fell.

Counterfeit half eagles are in circulation in the West. They bear the date of 1835, and can be easily detected by comparing them with the genuine, the counterfeit being much lighter.

Illinois.—Fifteen new counties were established at the late session of the Legislature of this State, to which the following names were given: Marshall, Brown, Du Page, Menard, Logan, Dane, Williamson, Scott, Carroll, Lee, Dewit, Jersey, Lake, Stark, and Hardin.

Bituminous Coal coming from Illinois.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 25th June says:—"We perceive that Messrs. Kingsland and Lightner are bringing bituminous coal from Peoria. The Missouri and Illinois coal found in this neighborhood, not answering for the manufacture of the finer parts of machinery, they were obliged to bring it from Pittsburg at a cost of about 50 cents per bushel.

More American Genius.—A contractor on the public works in Illinois, has patented a new drill for excavating rocks. A fair day's work with one of these drills, and a good horse, is *forty-nine feet* in the solid rock, or seven holes, each *seven feet five inches* in circumference.

A Hopeless Chance.—A Western paper, in speaking of the likelihood of the election of a certain candidate for Congress, says there is no more chance for him, than there is for Satan to regain his seat in Paradise.

Growth of Cincinnati.—One thousand brick houses are now in progress in Cincinnati, and five hundred more will be built in the course of the summer. Even this will not supply the demand.

Some of the people of Shelby, Illinois, who had embraced the Mormon faith, was mobbed. They very improperly called on Judge *Breese* for protection, who ordered out Colonel *Van*; but the Colonel was soon overpowered, and beat a retreat.

The St. Louis papers are in raptures with the new steamer recently built for the western waters. She is called the Meteor, carries about 500 tons, and her cabin is 130 feet in length.

SOUTHERN.

A Funny Idea.—We have received a prospectus of a new daily paper which may be started in Rodney, Miss. The editor cherishes a hope that his sheet will give that power and popularity to Rodney, so essential to keep it—*from sliding into the river.*

The President of the Nashville Rail-road has placed sentinels on the road. An excellent precaution. Some little additional expense will be incurred, but the safety of life and property will be increased. We believe that in England railroad companies are obliged to have watchmen so placed along the line of road.

The lady of George Meacham, Esq. of Rushville, Alleghany county, (Md.) has had eight children, all within five years!

Every stalk of corn in Nansemond county, Va. was completely stripped by a severe hail storm on the night of the 4th. The hail lay two feet deep.

They have already at Charleston, (S. C.) delicious peaches, nectarines, and French prunes.

A Welsh barque, with Rail-road iron, went into Wilmington, Delaware, for Wilmington, North Carolina. A small mistake of 400 miles. What chronometers do they use in Plinlimmon?

Drought.—The drought in middle Florida is represented as excessive, and much apprehension is felt lest the corn may not turn out half a crop.

The "Dismal Swamp," the Norfolk Beacon thinks, might, with a little taste, become as fashionable as Saratoga or the White Sulphur. The scenery is beautifully wild and picturesque, as Chapman's superb pictures will show.

Fatal Duel.—The Woodville affair, Mississippi, in which Mr. Leigh was mortally wounded by Mr. Fielding Davis, has resulted in another fatal affair, which took place on June 27th, about ten miles below the town, between Mr. Davis and Mr. Henry A. Moore, (latter principal of Leigh,) with rifles at fifty yards, at *a present.* Mr. Moore was shot through the body at the first fire, and died immediately. Mr. Leigh is sinking from his wound, and, it is thought, will die.

Beef, ho!—The Chambersburg (Maryland) Repository says,—"since our last, the price of this article has fallen from 12 to 10 and 9 cents per lb. in our market—and it has, we understand, been offered here by country butchers for 6 cents.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Dr. Lyles, the editor of the new paper at Pickensville, Ala. which is so badly printed that scarcely one word in ten can be made out, is said to be a gentleman of great literary attainments. He could not have found a worse place to show them.

Arkansas and Tennessee are about to take the southern flour market in the Mississippi Valley, out of the hands of the States more north. The crops in those two States being got in in May, gives them a great advantage.

The Elephant, accustomed to assist in triumphal processions of barbarian Rajahs, this year co-operates in our national pageants:

The Norfolk Beacon mentions, among the items connected with the celebration of the 4th of July in that borough, the feat of the Elephant attached to the menagerie of Mr. Hobby, which, in pursuance of due public notice, swam the harbor from Town Point to the Portsmouth side, and returned without touching on the opposite shore. Large numbers were present, who were much gratified with the exhibition.

Edward V. Davis, a journeyman printer, has been selected as a candidate for Congress, in the Attakapas district, in the State of Louisiana. The craft is looking up.

Mr. Miss, an aged and respectable citizen near Baltimore, was killed by lightning during a hail storm on Thursday last.

Mississippi Crops.—Accounts from Mississippi to July 1st, make no mention of the terrific drought reported a few days since. In fact it is impossible, at this time, to say what the cotton crop will be. It is not sufficiently advanced to maturity.

A French brig of war, the Griffon, arrived at Pensacola on the 26th ult. from Vera Cruz. The seamen of the French frigate Nereide, nine in number, who were attacked with the yellow fever after leaving Havana, are all in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Pensacola.

Pleasant News.—Two men were killed by Indians near Fort Cross, and their tongues cut out. A party of mounted men were proceeding from a post when they came upon a party of Indians. The sergeant displayed a white flag and advanced, when the Indians saluted by firing—killing the sergeant's horse. These little occurrences are scarce worth a relation—but as we are chroniclers of events, we record them to show how very peaceable our former enemies *are now.*

Murder of a Family.—Mr. Wm. Wright, being on the Cherokee line of Arkansas, was, with four of his children, inhumanly murdered by a party of highwaymen on horseback, who came to rob him of a sum of money he was supposed to have. He had previously deposited the money with his brother.

Mechanics Wanted.—The last Port Gibson Correspondent says, that from fifty to one hundred first rate mechanics, carpenters, bricklayers, and masons, could obtain immediate employment, liberal compensation, and *punctual pay*, by coming to Port Gibson.

Expedition.—The Arkansas Gazette says wheat of the present season's growth, has been raised, thrashed, ground, and bolted by the last of May. Flour of good quality.

Incendiaries are again at work in Baltimore. An attempt was made on Monday last to fire the house of Mr. Quin, in Bank street, near the church, at Fell's Point. Under the door of the custom house, the same morning, two or three matches were found, partly consumed.

Exquisite Sensibility.—A man who passed by the name of John Adams, was hung at Columbia, S. C. on the 5th instant, for the crime of murder. He refused to give his real name on account of some brothers and sisters yet living.

Double-refined Villainy Defeated.—An incendiary at Baltimore, in order to strike at the root of the obstructions that interposed between his malice and the object aimed at, set fire to the house of the Howard Fire Engine Company, but only partially accomplished his purpose, as the unmoveable apparatus only was destroyed, and neither the engine nor hose carriage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shipwreck and sixteen Lives Lost.—The ship Aid-de-Camp from Londonderry, bound to St. John's, N. B. with three hundred and five emigrants on board, was wrecked on Briar's Island on the 19th ult. Sixteen emigrants were drowned, of whom three were men and the remainder women and children.

"I fear, said a country curate to his flock, when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that Philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

Shakspeare run mad.—An editor in speaking of the late fine weather, says:—"Now is the rainy weather of our discontent, made glorious pleasant by this sun of July."

Tall Grape Vines.—A gentleman from Texas says that he has frequently observed in the interior of that country, wild grape vines at least thirty inches in circumference, which attained a height of sixty or eighty feet, before intertwining in the branches of the trees. It is an interesting question for naturalists to ascertain how these vines could grow to so great a height without support.

The Hornet.—The Army and Navy Chronicle entirely discredits the story started by the New York Dispatch, that there was a surviving seaman of the Hornet living in Illinois. A careful examination of the muster roll of the Hornet for the whole year of 1829, has been made and there is not one among all the crew by the name of Reed, which is said to be the name of the pseudo seaman.

A biography of Dr. Cooper is about to be published by his son-in-law.

From Canton.—Dates are received from Canton to March 5th:—

The opium smuggling still causes great excitement. The governor has ordered the *back doors* of the foreign factories to be stopped up. The British schooner Attaran, with 130 chests of opium, has been cast away. The British superintendent, Mr. Elliot, writes to the British merchants at Canton, that he shall not at present hoist his flag, deeming all foreigners in a most precarious condition.

A New Time Piece.—Some ingenious Frenchman has invented what he designates a cannon-clock, which consists of an ordinary piece of ordinance, with a sun-glass suspended over in such a manner that when it is just 12 o'clock the focus bears upon the priming of the gun and thus discharges it. It will thus designate any time of the day to which it may be set.

Large Cocoons.—Mr. Shreeve, of Trenton, N. J. has 200 cocoons which weighed 1 lb. 2 oz. 3 drms. 4 grs. after the floss had been taken off, and the cocoons had been drying several days. They are of the light and nankin species.

Lord Brougham is the first distinguished Englishman who has come up to the American standard, in his estimate of the character of Washington.—*Southern Post.*

Lord Byron was an Englishman, equally distinguished as Lord Brougham is, and thus did he speak of him:

"Great men have always scorned great recompenses
Epaminondas saved his Thebes and died,
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:
George Washington had thanks and nought beside,
Except the *all cloudless glory* (which few men's is)
To free his country."

Doing a large business with a small capital.—Carrera, who is in command of one of the South American Republics, commenced the revolution which has placed him in power with a capital of only *twelve men!*

Death of a Missionary.—The Rev. Mr. Harper, a Roman Catholic Missionary to the Indians on the upper waters of the river at St. Maurice, Canada, was drowned a few weeks since by the upsetting of a canoe.

Rifle balls are now called *visiting cards* in Texas.

Cancer.—Mr. Thomas Tyrrel, of Missouri, says he has effectually cured himself of an obstinate cancer, by the "free use of potash made of the ashes of red oak, boiled to the consistence of molasses, and applied as a poultice, covering the whole with a coat of tar." Two or three applications he says, will "remove all protuberances, after which it is only necessary to heal the wound by common salve." This is a cheap and easy remedy, the efficacy of which should be tested by those afflicted with the disease, which has heretofore baffled all the arts of medicine.

Mr. Cadell, publisher, of Edinburgh, having succeeded in purchasing from various persons, the original manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's works, has deposited them in a Gothic cabinet of oak, in which they are destined to go down to posterity as a precious *relique* of the genius of the present age.

The Toronto Herald advises persons travelling in Steamboats down the St. Lawrence to go well armed, for fear of an attack from Bill Johnston!

Sir Allan McNabb is in limbo at Toronto, and his property confiscated for debt to the Upper Canada Bank.

From Africa.—An extract of a letter dated Gambia, Africa, June 13, 1839, says:—"The war at the Rio Nunez is still carried on among the natives, and the trade is entirely stopped. African produce is very scarce and high, all over the coast.

The Rutgers College commencement, at New Brunswick, N. J. took place the 17th inst. The oration before the societies is to be delivered by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia.

A Discovery.—A patent Shingle Machine, in operation at New Brunswick, N. J. turns of 10,000 per day. The proprietor has a process of infusing alkali into Chesnut which makes it as durable against iron rust as Cedar.

There were sixty sail of American vessels in Georgetown, Prince Edward's Island, on the 22d ult. all full laden with herrings, from Magdalen Islands, and estimated to have on board 23,000 barrels.

It is stated that the penny postage will make a difference to one London bookseller alone of from $5000 to $7000 per annum.

Painters' Ladder.—The French painters and plasterers employ a simple and ingenious species of scaffold, which might be advantageously used by our own workmen. It consists of two knotted cords, like the sides of a rope ladder, each knot forming a noose, in which the limbs of the workmen are introduced. The paint pot or tub of plaster is suspended in a similar way, and houses are painted by this process as quickly as with an expensive scaffold.

APPARITION.

Notwithstanding our often declared scepticism regarding any visitation of earth by the disembodied spirit, the following relation, coming to us from a source truly respectable, and so enlightened by liberal education as to defy all suspicion of her being the slave of nursery tales or popular superstitions, we insert it without further comment.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. ——, (a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits) sat reading in her drawing room, the clock on the mantle piece struck twelve; as the last stroke reverberated through the apartment, its doors were suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eyes rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest—restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. —— had regained possession of her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole of the distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing, and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her female servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family.

Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and in better spirits than she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs. —— dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before 10 o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck 12 she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table, (on which stood her night lamp) till it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A scene of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes, once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling half dissolved being who with the courage of desperation thus adjured him—"Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?" "Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of written paper, "Jessie pay my *newspaper accounts* and let me *rest in peace!*"

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

Grand Entertainment! to be given by

MONS. ADRIEN, JR.

NATURAL MAGIC, JUGGLING &c. &c.

Mons. ADRIEN, Jr. after having travelled in France, Italy, and a part of the United States, where he has always met with the greatest success having performed with the most signal applause before several crowned heads, and SURPASSED ALL PERFORMERS in his line, promises to the Philadelphia public that he will redouble his exertions here, in order to merit the approbation of a discerning audience. His Entertainments are of the most varied kind, and are executed with the greatest dexterity.

THIS EVENING, JULY 20, at 8 o'clock.

PART FIRST.

A Grand Series of Experiments in NATURAL MAGIC.

—PROGRAMME.—

The Grand Flight of the Pigeons. The Philadelphia Baker. THE COFFER OF MAHOMET. The Obelisque. The Urns of Flowers. The American Orange!

PART SECOND.

THE MAGIC BOTTLE!—The Fairy Stew Pan—The Little Post Office. The Unwilling Confederate. THE DEVIL'S RABBIT!

THIRD PART.

EXERCISES of JUGGLING, composed of Brilliant Exercises of Balls, Cups and Balls, and a GRAND SHOWER of FLATES.

Admittance 25 cents, or five Tickets, if purchased during the day, for One Dollar.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.	par.
312	shares	United States Bank,	113¼a114¼	100
103	do.	Girard Bank,	47½a48	50
1	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	59½a59¾	50
345	do.	Mechanics Bank,	42½a43½	35
2	do.	North America Bank,	400	400
11	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	43	50
20	do.	Commercial Bank,	60	50
23	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	108½	100
3	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	100	100
536	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vicks.	37½a40¼	100
572	do.	Kentucky Bank,	73a80½	100
74	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	79½a80	100
438	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	48a50½	50
30	do.	Reading RR.	39½	50
150	do.	Mec.& Tradesmen's Loan,	14½	20
17	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	110	50

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. James M. Davis, July 4th, Mr. Wm. Schofield, to Miss Levina Taylor, both of Blockley Township, Philadelphia county.

By the Rev. James M. Davis, June 16th, Mr. Wm. Wallace, to Miss Mary Robinson, all of Phiada.

By the Rev. James M. Davis, July 4th, Mr. John Simpson, to Esther Ann Beachler, both of Phiada.

By the Rev. James M. Davis, July 6th, Mr. Geo. Snowden, to Miss Elizabeth Boyd, all of Phiada.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 14th inst. Mr. Isaac Faunce, to Miss Emma Cornelius.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. Arthur P. Drew, to Miss Sarah A. Howell, all of this city.

In Granville, on the 30th ult. in Trinity Church, by the Rev. D. B. Munson, Fayette L. Spencer, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, of Granville, to Miss Caroline E. daughter of the Hon. Charles Kahn, of Philadelphia.

In Natchez, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Winchester, Richard Mason, formerly of Philadelphia, to Martha, daughter of J. R. Stockton, of Natchez.

May 7th, 1839, by Alderman Black, John Moffitt, to Elizabeth Brashurst, both of this city.

On Monday, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Boyd, Mr. F. G. Woolbert, of this city, to Miss Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Henry E. Corbin, of Virginia.

On Wednesday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. T. T. Waterman, Geo. Johnson, late of England, to Mary Noakes, of Wilmington.

At Somers Point, on Saturday evening, 13th inst. Corly Somers, to Rejoice Tilman, both of Egg Harbor Township, N. J.

On Tuesday evening, 9th inst. by I. Roach, Esq. Mayor, Joseph T. Mather, to Ann W. daughter of the late Dr. John Moore, all of this city.

On the 25th April, by the Rev. R. Gerry, Wm. H. Mitchell, to Miss Emma S. Felthousen, all of this city.

At Camden, N. Jersey, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Ashbrook, Elias Kaighn, Esq. Mayor of the city of Camden, to Mrs. Sarah Ann Grubb.

At Columbia, on Thursday, 5th inst. by Thomas Lloyd, Esq. Mr. James Ewing Mifflin, of York co. to Miss Susan E. Houston, of Columbia.

DEATHS.

On the 13th inst. Gertrude, daughter of Jas. Hanna, aged 9 months.

At his residence, near the city, on Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock, after a protracted illness, Simon Gratz, Esq. in the 66th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. after a lingering and severe illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, a native of Bristol, England, and wife of Wm. B. Watson, aged 55 years.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst. Mrs. Sarah Brown, relict of the late Geo. W. Brown, in the 54th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst. of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Sarah Maguer, in the 53d year of her age.

On the 13th inst. Joseph, infant son of Richard G. and Eliza Ann Wood, aged 14 months.

On Sunday, 14th inst. Henry Shoemaker, Counsellor at Law, aged 41 years.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, 11th inst. Mr. Nicholas Gerar, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 29th June, at her residence, Irvine, Warren county, Mrs. Sarah Jane D. Irvine, wife of Dr. Wm. A. Irvine, and daughter of Dr. Stephen Duncan, of Natchez.

On the 15th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Lennox, aged 10 months.

At her residence on the Willowgrove Turnpike, 4½ miles from the city, Mary Magarge, wife of Samuel Magarge, in the 56th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Jane Kniffin, in the 76th year of her age.

On Friday night, 12th inst. in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Timothy Alden, D. D. late President of Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa.

On Monday morning, 1st inst. of bilious fever, at Columbia, Pa. Mrs. Catherine Brown, a native of Md. in the 29th year of her age. She bore her illness with great christian fortitude and peaceful resignation.

At the residence of G. L. Dennison, Petersburg, Va. on Friday, 5th inst. Charlotte, infant daughter of Francis D. Allen, Jr. of the city of New York.

At West Bloomfield, N. J. on Monday, 8th inst. in the 23d year of her age, Emily M. wife of Wm. H. Wyckoff, and youngest daughter of Noah Talcott, of this city.

In Barrington, R. I. 2d inst. Mr. Thomas S. Bean, aged 81. He was born at Boston, Sept. 1758, and at the commencement of the Revolution entered the service of his country.

On Sunday morning, after a long and painful sickness, Chas. Gallagher, son of James A. and Mary A. Holland, aged 13 months and 16 days.

On Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock, after an illness of 8 days, Sarah Allibone, relict of the late Wm. Allibone, aged 55 years.

On Sunday morning, 14th inst. at 9 o'clock, at the Mansion farm of her husband, near Frederica, Kent county, Del. after a protracted illness, from consumption, Mrs. Sally Ann Brown, aged 35 years, wife of Mr. Joseph Brown, of the firm of Brown & Godwin, Commission Merchants, Philadelphia.

At New York, on Thursday, 11th inst. Mr. Patrick G. Nagle, formerly of this city.

On Friday, 12th inst. in the 71st year of his age, Mr. John Laval, long a highly respectable resident of this city.

On Friday morning, 12th inst. in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Ashley, widow of the late John Ashley, Esq.

On Thursday, 11th inst. Sylvanus, infant son of Adam and Margaret D. Ketler, aged 7 months and 12 days.

On Wednesday, 10th instant, at Georgetown, District of Columbia, Elizabeth M'Ewen, wife of Chas. W. Smith.

On board the brig Cumberland, bound from St. Jago de Cuba to Philadelphia, Alexander Leach, and Geo. M. Jordan, seamen.

On the 30th of the 6th month, at the residence of her father, James Baynes, in Tredyffrin Township, where she was on a visit, Hannah B. Brooks, wife of John Brooks, of Darby, aged 35. In her death, society has lost a valuable member; her husband a beloved and affectionate wife, her children a tender and indulgent mother. We beheld her as a bright example, a kind protector of her husband's children. Her pious resignation in the hour of death has left comfort to her weeping relatives. The closing moments of life were to her the brightest of her existence, her dying countenance a smile played upon her lips in the last mortal agonies. The sweet expression of her countenance to those who watched around her left a consolation that would banish anguish and grief.

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Samuel Morrow, in the 55th year of his age.

In Portsmouth, on Sunday evening last, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Brooks, the Rev. Smith Sharwood, a devoted worthy, and honored Minister of the Baptist Church.

OBITUARY.

"Time is as fatal as the storm."

Another Revolutionary Patriot gone.

Jesse Moore, of Hopewell, in the county of Mercer, and State of New Jersey, died at his mansion, near Pennington, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1839.

He was born on the 11th of April, 1750—advancing in his 90th year; retaining in a wonderful degree his bright and benignant faculties of mind to his latest hour.

In the interchange of civilities and kindnesses as a neighbor; he was prompt and pleasant.

In his family reigned cheerful industry and economy.

In his business arrangements, order and despatch, were manifested.

In his address, frank and unceremonious. And in the hospitality of his house, courteous, affable, diversified, and engaging.

In early life he saw the schemes of a foreign court, and he decided quickly to oppose them. Stepping forward with that devoted corps, who left farms, family, fortune and firesides, for the tented field, and assisted in fighting his country's battles through a struggle of seven years. A witness to the devastations, privations, danger, death and calamities of war. At a time when divisions of opinion prevailed; when the timid fell back, the disheartened doubted the protection of a foreign enemy at our door; and the irresolute fled to the forests, to such cool and collected bravery, coupled with discouragement and dangers, within this vicinity, it is that our country under Providence, is indebted for her independence.

In later life, to run back and narrate the courage of his companions in arms—the advances, repulses, and successes of the contending armies in the field; the days of gloom and of glory in the revolutionary conflict; inspired a second youth, energy, and enjoyment to his bygone days, and he rioted afresh in the ranks of his compatriots.

This patriot now sleeps with his ancestors. But his example and services should never slumber nor sleep in the recollection of our republic. A. B.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 12, received from		*July 16, received from*	
G. W. Smith,	$5 00	W. S. Vail, Esq.	7 00
J. R. Queream,	10 00	Peter Mitchell, Esq.	2 00
Franklin Dewey,	1 00	J. M. Quigg, Esq.	12 00
Thos. Laws, Esq.	2 00	Jesse Rowell, Esq.	2 00
Saml. Phillips, Esq.	2 00	Geo. & Wm. Lord,	2 00
Geo. Hull, Esq.	5 50	P. Conseilier, Esq.	2 00
A. L. Smith, Esq.	1 00	Cadet C. J. Gillis,	2 00
E. Litchfield, Esq.	2 00	*July 17.*	
Marshall Parks, Jr.	4 00	J. W. Finn, Esq.	2 00
John H. Mack,	2 00	Allen Potter, Esq.	4 00
July 13.		A. Dowly, Esq.	2 00
S. Earle,	2 00	Jas. A. Lewis, Esq.	2 00
P. Martin, Esq.	4 00	J. D. Murrill, Esq.	5 00
July 15.		W. M. Yeaman,	5 00
S. Lucas,	4 00	Wm. G. Newman,	2 00
C. Graves, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Daily,	2 00
C. Dawson,	2 00	Wm. A. Ball, nett.	1 50
Saml. Sprecklers,	2 00	treble-post. unpd 50cts.	
Saml. Medbury,	2 00	*July 18*	
J. Stofford, Esq.	2 00	Geo. E. Laffin,	2 00
R. Button, Esq.	7 00	John Hagen,	1 81
Brown Bryan, Esq.	3 00	J. F. Trowbridge, esq.	1 00
J. F. Brown,	5 50	J. H. Vorkees, Esq.	2 00
J. Bouchier,	10 00	J. Sumner, Esq.	2 00
J. Hall, Esq.	2 00	D G Quackenbos, esq	2 00
D. B. Bickford, Esq.	2 00	J. P. Chamberlin, esq	2 00

ALMANAC.

JULY, 1839.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Saturday,	4 46	7 14	9 55	
21 Sunday,	4 47	7 13	10 4	
22 Monday,	4 47	7 13	10 57	D. H. M.
23 Tuesday,	4 48	7 12	11 34	
24 Wednesday,	4 49	7 11	0 15	Last 4 0 13
25 Thursday,	4 50	7 10	1 11	New 10 6 1
26 Friday,	4 51	7 9	2 6	First 18 10 1
27 Saturday,	4 51	7 9	3 0	Full 26 6 25

AN APPRENTICE WANTED

TO the PRINTING BUSINESS. A lad of 14 to 15 years of age, from the country, or one who has been at the business would be preferred. He must be of good moral character and respectable connexions. Apply at the office of the Evening Post and News, No. 36 Carter's Alley. jy 3—tf

MULTICAULIS TREES.

20,000 genuine Multicaulis Trees are offered for sale, deliverable in November next. They will be sold at moderate prices on good terms. The rapidly extending Silk business, which has proved so profitable and well adapted to our climate, with the large Bounty given for its encouragement by several of the States, ought to induce farmers to embrace the earliest opportunity of getting into a business that cannot be overdone. From the immense quantities of grain grown the present year, large prices for it can hardly be expected, and a consequent diminution of profit must be realized; but the culture of silk offers as large and as certain profits as can be expected to be derived from any agricultural pursuit for many years to come.

Letters, post paid, addressed to the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. jy 6—tf

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF

A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.

IT has long been well known that the Sunflower (Helianthus) is profitable to the cultivator, the seed producing an oil equal if not superior to olive oil, for the table or druggist, and finds a ready sale in market at a greater price than the flaxseed oil; but the medicinal virtues of the leaf—like many other discoveries that minister to the comfort of man, was entirely accidental—an individual laboring under an Asthmatic complaint, made use of the leaf in the way of smoking, having prepared the leaf and made into segars like those made from tobacco, from the use of which he received instantaneous relief, and in every case of coughs, colds, or oppression of the chest, where the segars made of the Sunflower leaf have been used they have given relief.

In Botany, the medicinal virtues of the leaf as a pectoral, and expectorant are well established. Its healing qualities to the breast and lungs, contrast strongly with those of tobacco, which possess none of those properties, but on the contrary is harsh, acid, bitter, and stimulating; and when used in the way of smoking, always proves more or less injurious to those who use it, and more especially in consumptive habits. Hence the Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, flatter themselves that if they can succeed in introducing a substitute for tobacco, a poisonous plant, whose action upon the human system is deleterious, for one which is mild and soothing—and possessing medical properties of a high order, they will confer a benefit not only to habitual smokers who are suffering from the practice of an inveterate habit, but upon invalids who may be induced to give the Sunflower Segar a trial. The Sunflower is a plant of vigorous growth, and may be cultivated in almost any soil, and has been extensively cultivated in some of the Southern States for the oil alone; but when the value of the leaf shall be added to the oil there is little doubt that in a short time the culture of the Sunflower will be found quite as profitable as the cotton crops of the South; and much more so than tobacco—for being a more certain crop—and suited to almost every variety of soil and climate, the planter will find it his interest to invest his capital and labor in the culture of a plant that will in a short time supercede the use of tobacco in the way of smoking.

The subscribers, Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, hold a number of original certificates, amongst which are the following:

I do hereby certify that through inclemency of the weather, my throat had become so hoarse that I could not make myself understood, after having smoked one of the Sunflower Segars, in thirty minutes I could converse with ease. GEORGE ROLLISSON.

Witness present.
NATHANIEL HAMILTON.
Hickletown, Lancaster County, Pa.

The following list of names are on similar certificates, Dr. Winters, David S. Groff, John Lutz, Allen Yunt, Daniel Hahn, John Johns, Samuel Stauffer, Adam Wolf.

The subscribers have now on hand a small lot of Segars from their last year's stock, and have a considerable crop under their immediate cultivation, which with other arrangements they will be enabled to meet all orders received, after the first of December next. In distributing the above Segars, they ask the influence of a liberal public, which is always ready when agriculture and reform are the motto, by that time they will be enabled to furnish their friends and the public with a superior quality of segars.

All letters, orders for samples at present, or correspondence to contract for a right of making in any state or section of the Union, (not yet contracted for) when post paid, and directed to the subscribers, Marietta, Pennsylvania, will receive proper attention.

GROFF & GOODMAN.

N. B. Country editors, inserting the above three times, and sending one copy to the subscribers, will be entitled to one box of segars. jy 20—tf

STAMMERING CURED,

Dr. Comstock's Vocal Gymnasium for Elocution, Philadelphia.

THIS Institution is open from the 1st of September till the last of June—during July and August there is a vacation. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of Stammering, Lisping, or improvement in Elocution, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Mulberry street, Philada.

ELOCUTION.—Published by KAY & BROTHER, 122 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, Comstock's Practical Elocution or System of Vocal Gymnastics, with remarks on Stammering, illustrated by many engravings.

☞ Dr. Comstock's Remarks on Stammering, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his System of Vocal Gymnastics, are appended to his Circular, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject of his Institution. jy 20—1t*

DR. FISK, alias D. F. NEWTON.

FOR SALE at C. NEAL'S, No. 16 South 7th street, a Pamphlet, entitled D. Fisk, alias D. Fisk Newton and his Institution exposed. jy 20—1t*

NO APOLOGY FOR WIGS.

OF all the remedies ever devised for the restoration and preservation of the HAIR nothing has been found equal to ALIBERT'S OLEAGINOUS HAIR TONIC. It seldom fails to restore the hair to Health and beauty.—Many who were bald three months ago can now exhibit luxuriant heads of hair.

Copy of a letter from Dr. S. S. Fitch.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1838.

Dr Jayne,—Dear Sir,—I feel that I can hardly say enough to you in favor of *Alibert's Oleaginous Hair Tonic* sold by you. My hair had been falling off two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using this remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months, and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using the Tonic, I had tried almost all the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing much, if any benefit. Respectfully yours,

S. S. FITCH, No. 172 Chesnut street.

From the Rev. C. C. Park, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 12, 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne.—Sir—I take pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Alibert's Hair Tonic, which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now after using about half a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK.

The Rev. Leonard Fletcher, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Great Valley, Pa. who had been more or less bald for many years, used three bottles of the Hair Tonic, and has now a fine growth of new hair over all that part of his head where he was before bald, writes—"My hair is growing finely, I assure you." L. FLETCHER.

West Chester, Pa. March 2d, 1839.

Can only be had wholesale and retail of Dr. D. Jayne, General Agent, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1. jy 6—3m

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

THE large and spacious Five Story Building, No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY, in which the Saturday Evening Post is printed at present, is now offered FOR SALE, on advantageous TERMS. It is situated in the CENTRE OF BUSINESS, within a stone's throw of the MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, Dock and Third streets. It could easily be adapted to a Manufactory or Tavern.

The Building is about THIRTY FIVE feet front, by FORTY feet deep—the walls are strongly built—a STEAM ENGINE is in the cellar, which would be sold with the building, if required.

Capitalists and Manufacturers are invited to look at it as a valuable investment.

For particulars, apply at this office. jy 6—tf

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

A NUMBER of valuable BUILDING LOTS in the handsome and improving town of NEW BRIGHTON situated on the Falls of Beaver River, in Beaver County, Pa. The immense water power, the coal, iron, &c. in the immediate neighborhood, will necessarily soon make this place a great manufacturing mart—while the communication by Canal between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, which will certainly be completed the ensuing winter, will make it a considerable place of commercial business immediately.

Building lots may now be obtained very cheap, which will not probably be the case after the present year.—

Also for sale TWO FARMS, situated near the Beaver River, about sixteen miles above New Brighton—one of them contains 140 acres, and will be sold at eighteen dollars per acre—the other contains 220 acres, and is offered at twelve dollars per acre. Abundance of coal, limestone, &c. are found on the premises. Apply to B. B. Chamberlin, Esq. in New Brighton, Beaver City, Pa. or to S. C. Atkinson, office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia. jy 6—tf

☞ STOP THE RUNAWAY!

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber on the 22d May, WILLIAM MEESER an indented apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS. He is about eighteen years of age, dark complexion, short thick set, black hair and eyes, and of a *down look.* It is not known what kind of clothing he had on when he left, as he received the money due him for clothing the day before he decamped. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting said boy at their peril. The above reward will be paid to any person returning him to the subscriber.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange will please insert the above. jy 13

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.

TO remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. 6—tf

CHOLERA, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINT

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY and all other derangements of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, cured by Dr. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

New York, 8th month, 1st, 1838.

Friend Dr Jayne—It gives me much pleasure to inform thee of the result of a case in which I administered thy Carminative Balsam, and I consider it to be a matter of duty to thee and the public, to give the following statement:—Being called to visit a patient a few days since, I found he was vomiting and purging most violently, with severe Tormina and Cramps in the upper and lower extremities, and also in the abdominal parietes. The Cramps were so violent that it took four men to rub him incessantly, to keep down the spasms, and to use his own words, he said it seemed to him as if his bones would snap in two. There were also violent cholic pains around the umbilical region, attended with very distressing nausea. In short, I considered it to be a case of genuine CHOLERA. I found on inquiry, the patient had been unwell the day previous, with a looseness of the bowels. That six hours before I saw him, he was seized with the complaint, and had gradually got worse. The extremities were cold, and he was nearly pulseless. I immediately gave him a spoonful of thy Balsam, which in a few moments was ejected from the stomach, but on giving it a few times, the stomach became settled, and he expressed himself much relieved. I then gave him a calomel and opium powder. In two hours from the time I saw him he felt quite easy and fell asleep, and slept well for five hours; but on awaking the symptoms again returned. I directed more of the Balsam to be given to him, when the disease subsided, and the patient was convalescent. It took only one bottle to effect a cure.—I have also so often witnessed the beneficial effects of thy Carminative Balsam in *Summer Complaint and Diarrhœa*, that I would not be without it for its weight in silver.

I remain thy friend,
THOMAS MOTT, M. D.
43 Broadway, New York.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and sold also by A. B & D. Sands, No. 94 and 100 Fulton street, New York; John W. Sheppard, Maine street, Cincinnati; and in most of the cities and villages in the United States. Price 50 cents.

CAUTION.—None is genuine without the WRITTEN signature of Dr. Jayne on the outside of the label. ja 22—tf

THE INDIAN'S PANACEA.

FOR the cure of *rheumatism, scrofula or king's evil, gout, sciatica or hip gout, incipient cancers, salt rheum, syphilitic and mercurial diseases,* particularly ulcers and painful affections of the *bones, ulcerated throat and nostrils, ulcers of every description, fever sores, and internal abscess, fistulas, piles, scald head, scurvy, biles, chronic sore eyes, erysipelas, blotches,* and every variety of cutaneous affection, chronic Catarrh, head ache, proceeding from any acrid humor, pain in the stomach and dyspepsia, proceeding from vitiation, affections of the liver, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and general debility caused by a torpid action of the vessels of the skin. It is singularly efficacious in renovating those constitutions which have been broken down by injudicious treatment, juvenile irregularities. In general terms, it is recommended in all those diseases which arise from impurities of the blood, or vitiation of the humors, of whatever name or kind.

The value of the Panacea is most conspicuous in those long standing, and syphilitic and scrofulous affections, which have defied all other remedies, and particularly in those cases where mercury has been so lavishly used as to cause distressing pains in the bones, nodes, mercurial ulcers, derangement of the digestive organs, &c.—These it completely removes, and in all cases it entirely eradicates the diseases and effects of mercury, renovates the constitution, and leaves the patient sound and well. In rheumatism and in ulcerated sore throat, its happy effects are not less apparent, giving almost immediate relief.

Taken in proper doses, the Indian's Panacea operates as an alternative and detergent; a diaphoretic, diuretic, and laxative, an antispasmodic and anodyne; and in proper cases, as an emetic and emmenagogue. Generally expressed, it increases all the secretions and excretions, gives tone to the stomach, and excites action in the glands in a particular manner. From these principles its operations may be understood.

This medicine has been found highly useful in many ambiguous diseases not here specified, and it has been used with wonderful success as a Spring and a Fall Purifier, by those who are subject to complaints of the chest, and whose constitutions require new vigor. Such persons will do well to use two or three bottles in small doses. Whenever a diet drink is considered necessary, this Panacea, taken in a small dose, will answer all its purposes, in much less time, at less expense, and in a far more agreeable manner than the common diet drink.

The following certificates, out of hundreds similar, which might be procured, are given to show the effect of the Indian's Panacea, in the various complaints therein mentioned, and also to exhibit in the most satisfactory manner its superiority over the syrups in common use.

CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

Charleston, — afflicted with a very severe and distressing rheumatism, occasioned by exposure in bad weather. I now take great pleasure in stating, that six bottles of the Indian's Panacea, restored me to perfect health, and I confidently recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

JOHN FERGUSON, King street.
Charleston, March 27, 1832.

I was seized about three years since, with a distressing rheumatism, caused by taking a severe cold, while under the influence of mercury, and which has disabled me from business nearly ever since. During this period I have been a patient in the Marine Hospital, in this city upward of four months, and nearly the same length of time in the Baltimore Hospital, and tried almost every remedy, with little benefit. On the 16th of February last, at that time scarcely able to move about upon crutches, I commenced the use of Indian's Panacea—In one month I found myself entirely freed from pain, and am now happy to state that I consider myself perfectly well.

WM. TUCKER, 13 Market street.

CASES OF SCROFULOUS ULCERS.

New York, Sept. 10, 1830.

This may certify that in the fall of 1825, I was seized with a swelling in my neck and face, which afterward ulcerated and became large ghastly ulcers in my neck. After trying several physicians to no advantage, I went to Philadelphia, and placed myself under the care of Drs. Physic and Beach, when, after repeated salivation to no effect, I was pronounced utterly incurable. Afterward I took twenty bottles of Swaim's Panacea and eight bottles of Potter's Catholicon, with no material benefit. Despairing of life, which had now become a burthen to me, I returned to my parents in New York in 1829, and gave myself up to a lingering death. Hearing of the great success of The Indian's Panacea, however, in cases similar to my own, I was persuaded to try it as a last resort. To my great surprise, as well as satisfaction, I soon found myself rapidly recovering, and upon taking seven bottles, the ulcers healed, and I became perfectly well in the course of two months and have remained so ever since. I make this statement and wish it published for the benefit of those who are suffering under similar scrofulous or syphiline affections, that they may know what has cured one who has suffered every thing but death, and who considers his life saved by the above syrup. WM. HINHAN.

Charleston, July 12, 1831.

I was afflicted, four years with an ulcer in the leg, occasionally accompanied with erysipelatous inflammation and excessive pain in the leg and ancle joint. Several eminent physicians exerted their skill upon it, but without permanent benefit. In this case five bottles of the Indian's Panacea made a perfect cure.

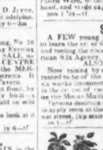
MARGARET A. WEST,
121 Market street.

Sold wholesale and retail in New York, by A. B. & D. Sands, 79 Fulton street; in Philadelphia by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South Third street and F. Klett, corner of Callowhill and Second street, by J. Thompson, Market street, in Baltimore, by Moore & Stabler, in Washington city, by S. J. Todd, in Alexandria, by Wm. Stabler, in Charleston S. C. by Haviland, Harral & Allen, 301 King street, in Augusta by Haviland, Risley & Co; in New Orleans, by Sickles & Co. 40 Canal street, and by Druggists generally in almost all of the principal cities in the United States. Price $2.00. ja 22—3m

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK

MANUFACTORY.

South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



THE subscriber have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

SILK REELING.

A FEW young ladies will be received as apprentices to learn the art of feeding silk worms, in all their stages, and reeling the cocoons—if they apply soon at the American Silk Agency, No. 93 Walnut street, (up stairs.)

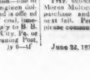
ALSO SILK WORM EGGS.

Now raising by experienced silk growers, and warranted to be of the genuine three weeks (two crop) and six weeks (mammoth) variety, will be ready for delivery in the course of two or three weeks, in time for feeding on the Morus Multicaulis.

Persons desirous of securing a good article, will do well to apply soon at the American Silk Agency, No. 93 Walnut street, (up stairs.)

je 1—tf S. C. CLEVELAND, Agent.

MORUS MULTICAULIS



IN lots of one to fifty thousand, growing in the State of Virginia, by experienced hands, on the best soil, with a variety of silk-worm eggs, are offered for sale at the office of the Virginia Silk Agency, Maine street, Richmond, by

J. H. D. LOWNES,
Agent for the Planters.

All communications must be post paid.

SILK AGENCY,

Burlington, New Jersey.

THE subscriber offers his services to the growers of Morus Multicaulis Mulberry Trees, as an agent for the purchase and sale of them, by contract, deliverable next fall. Persons wishing to purchase or sell, will please communicate with the subscriber.

F. WOOLMAN,
Burlington, New Jersey.

June 22, 1839. ju 22—tf

THE CLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A LEAF FROM THE PUBLIC ALBUM

KEPT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Old Twopercent pays the town
Drought out by the Great Western;
And parents Mrs. Twopercent,
Whose heart for him does bost years,
Says, "Let's go and see the Lower Fall."
That newspaper puts out for—
"O, curse the Lower Fall!" says he,
"Think of the *ballad* for instant." *Sun Island.*

The Falls are clever—quite so; but they do not hanover my acquaintance. I got thoroughly wetted by them, and now my 'at,' when the weather is wet, picter looking at as bengrazing of them in the 'cute.

A. L. to England.

Land of lovers, lake and river,
Pleasure vale, and mountains grand,
Glory like the sky, forever
Beods above my native land. *A. B.*

A man being asked his opinion of the pleas of the Crowner, in a case heard in London, that Grower "Smith's was *first rate*, but Howard's was *first cutter*.

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hiberna, caught a humble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming bird. "Och," he exclaimed how but he little fut it is!

A modern sapiente, wishing a young lady to sing the "Marseillaise," a soldier tune, requested her to favor him with "The military man fatigued."

A young man missed into a bookstore and said he wanted to get "A Young Man's Companion." "Sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter."

"Seven years' fighting," says Journey Taylor, "are a whole kingdom lost, burning and crime to whom they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

When is a man thinner than a lath? When he is a skeleton.

"Sleeping," says one to another, "is the devil's business, and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for attending to mine so faithfully."

Women are born Coquettes.—The ladies' Heaven lies there, sir, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upward. Little she's of three years old, play little are and graces upon small heroes of fives; a sweeping comes of nine smile attacks upon young gen-tlemen of seventeen; and, at sixteen, would grown girl, under encouraging circumstances,—say, an agricity, in a family of eight elder sisters, or an humble wench in a country inn, to set the very gold and prime of a conquest. They will put on at that age with an ease and with innocent simplicity that never can be surpassed in mature years.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

We like this classification. Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Boston, in a recent report from his pulpit, brought, (and?) to pay the speculator the highwayman and the cheater."

Were you ever at Cork? No—but I have seen many a drawing of it.

A Complimentary Pun.—When Sir F. Morton was pleading a cause before Lord Mansfield, upon some commercial right, he happened to say:—"My Lord, I am illustrate the point by an instance in my own person: I myself have no issue." The judge immediately interposed with one of his arch smiles.—"We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Never punster's end's safe.—Whatever circumstances I may be placed in," said S., "I never forget myself." "The most wonderful volume object you could be remembering," replied W.

A man was tried in Philadelphia for stealing a goose. He got off in consequence of a witness proving that he remembered the goose ever since it was a gosling, because his mother was attracted for catching it, bearing his successful defence, got a country man to swear that he knew the gun ever since it was a pistol, and that it belonged to the prisoner.

A cold Pun.—In the snowy weather, last winter, Sc——— saw Mr. Mc——— rather sprinkled with the flower tail, and said, "Why do you wear your mane so low down this time?" "Because, my dear sir," replied the lady, "I do not like my cold *chilly*."

A yelling Pun.—Richmond bridge is now opened for every day except Sunday to foot passengers. "I wonder," said X. meeting H. in the strand, "if one ever also cross Waterloo bridge without paying." "O, and not," answered H. "and you'll be toiled."

Anonymous.

One bright morning as he lay
On his mother's lap divine,
Little Love at dew did play;
The snake—the foolish heart of mine.
Wo a me! for to my cost,
I know the little urchin *fast*.

The schoolmaster asked your Tom, the idiot, how long a piece could live without brains? Tom looked hold of the dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, replied, "How long the pe'ond, dominie?"—*Highland Inn.*

A person observed to his friend who was lamenting to who could, that it was wrong to teach children by hard and cruel, as a man generally followed his nose.

Who suffers most by the death of a king, the mendicant or his cousin? Why, the people loose a sovereign, but the people lose a sovereign.

McCorran, the Irish historian, says, "the sea is the largest burying-ground in the universe."

"Tom, what makes your nose so red?" "Why the fact is, Bob, I shave it too hard."

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NEW DEFINITIONS.

Pearl Eating.—Eating oysters in a cellar.

Thoughts on Matrimony.—A man reflecting on what a "lady" he made of himself by marrying a "widow" with an enormous huge property, which was all in the hands of the sheriff.

Nonsense.—Lovers lying under the trees in the public square, when the sun is at its meridian.

Talent.—A crutch for small talk.

Equation.—At the Arcade, where every man who pays a bit for a joke may have one.

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"Enter," said the hill-fold commodore, as the door was opened by the first officer of the Canadienne, who stood before him.

"I wish," said Sheridan one day to his son Tom, "that you would take a wife." "I have no objection, Sir," said Tom, retiring, "but whom shall we take?"

Young women entertain a man's worth by the amount of his property, and the outward beauty of his person. The inner, or the mental beauties, they leave to be discovered by Phrenologist, by the lumpe—and the Democrat, by the man's honesty.

An ancient having been held on the penalty of a cover down. East, the jury returned a verdict of "*Died of the jug distemper.*"

Foote's Last.—The laughable, passing through Piccadilly on the Fourth, was invited to sweat at the Celebration there, and gave, as the theme of toast, "Fourth of July Dinner. The only true source of universal improvement for which we depend, not upon the Kitchen, but the Council of the Kitchen."

A Short Reply.—Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Pringle, of Perth, was taking a walk one summer morning, he met a man with a load of lemons carry on into their hands to break a joke upon the old parson. "Have you any lemons to sell?" said he, holding out a penny, they asked him if he could sell them the color of his face? "Yes," said the parson, "I can sell them almost alacrity a few seconds, made the following reply: "Yes, sir, I have a most satisfactory case." And then leave served a master all the days of their life, and then know the color of the face."

A lady, who has found the following remedy for the prevention of hiccoughs, wishes to make it public:—After clearing the throat of phlegm, take a mouthful with hog's lard. The lard should be rubbed on with a woollen cloth. Hogs will not infest such if deducted by a whole season.

A very good anecdote is related of Inman, in connexion with the late President of the Bank of the United States. This distinguished financier, as he was about to leave the station he had so ably filled for many years, was waited on the directors of the Bank of Dominica to have his portrait painted for their room at the bank, and Inman was selected to execute the work. "Well," said a friend to him one day while sitting to him, "I suppose you will put a pen behind my ear, Inman?" "Yes," said the artist, "and a pen-cil behind your ear, too, if you please."

Face Painting.—Lady Cowarty, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She had always carried with white, so as to soon the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent; she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

A Spanish proverb says, the Jews ruin themselves at their pastimes, the Moors at their contracts, and the Christians in their law suits.

Why is a lollipop like a horse? Because the more you lick it, the faster it goes.

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From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

CUTTING OUT A LETTER OF MARQUE.

Of all services of danger which a naval officer has to perform during a time of war, and there are many, the task of cutting out an armed vessel from under the guns of a fortress, or from the midst of the fleet in public square, when the sun is at its meridian.

Interest.—Looters lying under the trees in the public square, when the sun is at its meridian.

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Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages—to which he replied, "No, Sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Impudence.—A beggar, while drinking some cider at a house in Yorkshire, was rude—which by the way, was bad enough to make a pig snore!—was asked if he would accept of a little bread and cheese. "No, I thank you, sir," said the codger, "it's as much as I can do to drink my cider—bleeding bitter *food* awful cruels."—*Durham Patriot.*

It appears from the statement of Dr. Granville, that women stand a better chance of obtaining husbands at the age of twenty than any other, and no chance at all at the age of forty.

"These are the sweets of matrimony," as the man said when he drank the dregs of the tea-pot.